

# The Vauxhall Affray;

O R, T H E

## MACARONIES DEFEATED:

B E I N G

A Compilation of all the LETTERS, SQUIBS, &c.  
on both Sides of that Dispute.

W I T H A N

INTRODUCTORY DEDICATION

T O T H E

Hon. THO. LYTTLETON, Esq;

---

He that fights, *and runs away,*  
May live to fight another day.

Hud.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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and all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

M DCC LXXIII.

# The Vauxhall Affairs

OF THE

MAGISTRATES DETAINED;

BEING

A COMPANION OF THE LATTERS, 2000,  
ON THE STATE OF THE

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

39.  
1. 4.  
488.

OF THE

MR. THO. ETON, Esq.



1800.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Sold by J. WILKINSON, No. 11, Fleet-Street,  
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MILKIN



## EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To the Hon. THO. LYTTLETON, Esq.

S I R,

**A**S I would not insult your singular countenance with any thing like the appearance of a blush, I inform you that the following pages are not sacrificed to you as a compliment, but entirely due to you as a most distinguished character. The position, I believe, will stand uncontroverted, that there is not another man so circumstanced in the three kingdoms, on whom they would not sit aukward. Whatever consequences we derive from an effect, the primary cause should neither be neglected, nor forgotten. Immortal deeds, I own, have been atchieved by the executive sinews of military veterans; but an acquisition of empire or honours, we rather owe to the wisdom of the *Minister*, than the mechanical prowess of the Troops.

The actions of your life, previous to the AFFRAY in point, have given you that rank in the Annals of *Modern HEROISM*, which your generalship, had it been fortunate in this instance, could scarcely elevate.

Human policy, however circumspect, is subject to disasters; and, therefore, we  
wonder

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wonder not, that this your last undertaking, although truly meritorious and momentous, has fatally miscarried. But I am no mercenary sycophant, and can therefore accost the great man with honest panegyric, tho' success keep not equal pace with his merits. Be it my business, therefore, in this offering, to proclaim,---*That wherever* LYTTLETON *the Second failed, it was neither from ignorance nor inattention, but some over-ruling necessity.*---

I have the vanity to imagine, that these sheets will find their way to all those various places on the continent, which, having once known you, will eagerly snatch the future anecdotes of a man, rendered a glaring phenomenon throughout Europe. The shades of *Hagley* I could wish sacred from their approach: For the muses will fly abashed their wonted groves;---the venerable and noble Peer must weep blood at that unnatural portrait, where the *Prodigal* insultingly refuses the repeated offers of forgiveness, and the virtuous robes of restoration--insolently approaching his aged fire, with the tattered garb of every studied, and possible deformity.---

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

The COMPILER.

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T H E

**VAUXHALL AFFRAY;**

O R,

**MACARONIES DEFEATED.**

**T**HE following paragraph appearing in the **MORNING CHRONICLE** of *Tuesday, July 27*, opened the literary campaign, in which the Macaroni forces have so fatally suffered.

“ THAT the public may not be misinformed by the news-collectors of an affray and its consequences, which happened at *Vauxhall* last *Friday* night, the following is declared to be the truth of the whole.— Mrs. *Hartley*, the celebrated actrefs, being in company with others, among whom was the Rev. Mr. *Bate* and Mr. *Colman*, was put out of countenance, by what she deemed the impudent looks of four or five gentlemen, who purposely placed themselves directly opposite to her, which obliged her to appeal to Mr. *Bate* on the occasion, who, observing as she did, arose and seated himself between her and these rude-looking gentlemen, who taking offence at this,

B

got

got up one by one, and reconnoitred him with all possible contempt, telling him, the said *Bate*, that he looked like a stout, tight-made fellow, and capable, no doubt, of bruising; to which Mr. *Bate* replied, They were four impertinent puppies, and could not be gentlemen for their behaviour to Mrs. *Hartley*, &c. This brought on a general dispute, which was divided into *three acts*, till at last a gentleman, one Captain *Crofts*, addressed himself to Mr. *Bate*, and asked him, Whether he meant any thing against him? who was answered, No. However, Captain *Crofts*, perhaps imprudently, made himself a principal with the rest, and, after much ill language had passed, brought upon himself an expression of anger from Mr. *Bate*, that he would wring him by the nose: addresses were then given; very scurrilous language was received by Mr. *Bate* afterwards in the gardens, a challenge was sent to him the next morning, and an appointment made in the afternoon, at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, Strand, where Mr. *Bate*, with a friend, Mr. *Dawes*, waited with punctuality for near an hour, when Captain *Crofts*, in company with the Honourable Mr. *Lyttleton*, came in. A short recapitulation began between Mr. *Bate* and Captain *Crofts*, who were interrupted by Mr. *Lyttleton*, as second to the latter, by desiring that a crisis should be made without words; that Mr. *Bate* should ask the Captain's pardon in the papers, or name his weapon, and go with him in half an hour. Mr. *Bate*, in a very manly way, refused begging pardon, where no offence was given; but after expatiating on the impropriety of his deciding the difference as a clergyman, in a military manner, waved a remembrance of his profession in defence of his honour, and agreed to adjourn with Captain *Crofts*, to such place



place as should be appointed by the seconds, Mr. *Dawes* for Mr. *Bate*, and Mr. *Lyttleton* for the Captain; who, after exerting every thing in their power to prevent any ill consequences, reduced the causes of quarrel and defence to writing, the better to understand what ground they were to stand upon, as friends to the combatants, Mr. *Bate* being the whole time as impatient for decision as any man living, who had conceived himself injured; but just as Mr. *Lyttleton* and Mr. *Dawes* were going out to chuse their pistols, the Hon. Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* broke in with apparent anger, and demanded satisfaction of Mr. *Bate*, for his friend Capt. *Miles*; but Mr. *Lyttleton* and Mr. *Bate* remonstrated with him on the great inconsistency of giving that satisfaction, when Mr. *Bate* and Capt. *Crofts* were then going out; yet he insisted on his friend's having satisfaction first; to which Capt. *Crofts* replied, in a way that did him honour, that he was highly offended at the mode of Mr. *Fitz-Gerall's* calling on Mr. *Bate*, after they had agreed to go out on one and the same quarrel, and said that he never understood, that one man was bound to fight a whole company, where the supposed offence was given in gross, and not in particular. Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* however continued his anger, saying, that his friend could not wait, and he was determined Mr. *Bate* should not go out with Capt. *Crofts*, till his affair was settled. From this circumstance, Mr. *Lyttleton* and Mr. *Dawes* then thinking, from the particulars they had heard on both sides, a trifling acknowledgment that each was wrong, would be best, recommended it to the parties, who, with some difficulty complied, and were made friends. Thus ended matters relative to Captain *Crofts*; and, with respect to Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*,

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he declared, that had Capt. *Crofts*, Mr. *Bate*, and their seconds, Mr. *Dawes* and Mr. *Lyttleton*, gone out, he would have prevented a duel, by putting the former under an arrest. The former matter being thus settled, Mr. *Bate* desired Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* to introduce his friend, who he alledged was injured. He answered, that it would be better without, for that he was a hot-headed man, and might come to blows without ceremony. Mr. *Bate*, however, insisted on seeing him, observing that he could not receive any violence from him, being conscious he had never offended him. On being introduced, he said, unless Mr. *Bate* would box him, he would beat him in every public place he met him. Mr. *Bate* then said, if he did, he would defend himself; for though he was capable of boxing, he never chose to decide any differences that way, but with those from whom he could have no other satisfaction; still, as Capt. *Miles* triumphed in this refusal, Mr. *Bate*, with very great reluctance, consented to meet him on his own terms, and accordingly a long room was fixed on, and Mr. *Dawes* and Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* were to second the bruisers, who immediately prepared themselves for battle, in the presence of Mr. *Lyttleton*, Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, and another. At first, the advantage seemed against Mr. *Bate*, but a fair set-to for about twenty minutes, convinced the company (but particularly Capt. *Miles*) that Mr. *Bate*, though inferior in size, was victorious, who never received one blow that he felt. Capt. *Miles* was sent home in a coach, with his face a perfect jelly, and Mr. *Bate* was invited to dine with the Hon. Mr. *Lyttleton* on the morrow, as a proof of the applause he highly merited. A greater instance of true courage never appeared

## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 9

appeared in man, than in Mr. *Bate*, who according to the proverb, *etiam quos contra statuit equos placatosque demisit*, enforced the applause of his adversaries."

In consequence of the foregoing imperfect account, the following appeared in the MORNING POST of Friday July 30.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

### L E T T E R I.

S I R,

I SHOULD hold it an insult to the world, if this public appeal on a late dispute, was grounded simply on injuries I had received individually. Society at large is however so far connected with it, as to render it a matter of some importance; a misrepresentation of facts cannot therefore be permitted, without a manifest partiality to that indecorum my situation compelled me to correct.

There will not be wanting those, even amongst my own fraternity, rigid enough to censure my conduct in a *professional* point of view, however commendable it may appear to them in any other. For these I have no other answer, than—*I was neither born a Philosopher—nor bred a Pharisee*. The candid however, from similar feelings with my own, will acknowledge, that during the outrage I complain of, the formalities of my profession might slumber, without any glaring injustice to decency, or religion, —I mean no contempt to the natural laws of gallantry, when waving their sanction I appeal to the more serious one of humanity, where an helpless  
woman

10 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

woman was wantonly, and repeatedly insulted, by a set of poltroons the most wretched, and contemptible—

The C A S E.

BEING at *Vauxhall Gardens* on Friday evening last, I saw Mrs. *Hartley* (in company with Mr. *Hartley*, Mr. *Colman*, and Mr. *Tateham*) seated on a bench, not very far distant from the orchestra. Having the pleasure of her acquaintance, I joined the party and their conversation; when we presently observed two gentlemen pass by, and looked at her in a manner not altogether genteel; however, as custom has in some measure ridiculously indulged our fine gentlemen in these familiarities *en passant*, little or no notice was taken of it. Not satisfied with this indulgence, these gentlemen presently returned, with two or three others of a military appearance, who all seated themselves at a table directly opposite to her, and began an attack in form, resolutely determined to stare her out of countenance. Situated in the middle of her company, she bore this treatment for some minutes, before she even complained to Mr. *Hartley* of her distress. Imagining that their triumph was near complete, he begged her to continue her seat, till the conclusion of the Cantata then singing, after which we would all retire. These gallant heroes however still continuing the siege, she found herself under the disagreeable necessity of addressing her friends generally, telling us, “*That the behaviour of these Gentlemen was so uncommonly rude, she could bear it no longer.*” On this I turned my head, and discovered four of these pretty beings staring at her with



with that kind of *petite maitre* audacity, which no language, but the modern French, can possibly describe ! and triumphing over those female distresses which their prowess had nobly occasioned.

To be a silent spectator of such insolence, would be tacitly to countenance it ; loudly therefore, in order that they might hear it, I observed to her, “ that I begged she would not be distressed, as I “ would prevent any future insult of that nature.”— In consequence of which, I immediately placed myself on a seat directly between them and Mrs. *Hartley*. This was an intimation, that their behaviour was generally remarked ; and I expected to find it at least productive of the end intended ; instead of which, I became now the subject of their loud horse-laughs and wise remarks. Thus unpleasantly circumstanced, I thought it better to face these desperadoes, and therefore turned about and looked them in my turn, full in the face ; in consequence of which, some distortions of features, I believe, passed on both sides.

Mrs. *Hartley*, during this latter transaction, rose up, and made for the walk ; observing which, I followed her, with the rest of the company, first justly remarking as I quitted the scene, “ *that they were four impertinent puppies.*” A gentleman instantly followed me, whom I afterwards found to be Capt. *Crofts*, of Burgoyne’s light dragoons, and asked me, “ *Whether I addressed myself in that speech to him ?*”—To which I replied, “ *Certainly not ; as I did not recollect to have seen him in the party.*—Not satisfied with this answer, he again demanded, “ *Whether I called him a puppy ?*”—To which I rejoined as before, adding however, “ *That the only way to*  
“ *be*

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“ *be perfectly convinced in this particular, was to tell me*  
 “ *whether he was one of the four, or more, who formed*  
 “ *the party, and then the application would come home; for*  
 “ *that I said, and still persisted,—the Gentlemen, who so*  
 “ *meanly, and scandalously distressed the Lady with whom*  
 “ *I was in company, were four dirty, impertinent*  
 “ *puppies.*”

After this answer, Capt. Crofts observed, *that I*  
*look'd very big upon the occasion,—surveyed me, with a*  
*supercilious kind of air from head to foot, and then*  
*remarked, “You are indeed a good tight fellow, and there-*  
*fore mean to intimidate me I suppose, because you are a*  
*boxer.”* To this he received for reply, *“that box-*  
*ing was by no means my plan; however, as he seemed*  
*determined not to be satisfied, but continued to follow me,*  
*if he spoke three more impertinent words to me; I would*  
*wring his nose off his face.”*—On this he demanded  
 my name and address, which was instantly given  
 him; I then drew off to my company, imagining  
 that the affair would at least stand peaceably over  
 till the morrow.

Previous to our leaving the Gardens, which we  
 intended to do immediately, we were under the ne-  
 cessity of walking round, in search of one of our com-  
 pany; when at the further end of the walk, we dis-  
 covered our former assailants, now made doubly for-  
 midable by a considerable augmentation.—No sooner  
 did we approach, than they began a fresh attack with  
 redoubled insolence, interlarding their loud fallies of  
 pleasantry, with “*Twig the Curate, &c.*” Sub-  
 mitting to this as long as human nature could do, at  
 last I stopp'd short, with a view of knocking down  
 the first man that insulted me; when Capt. Crofts  
 touched me on the shoulder, called me by name, and  
 begged

begged to speak another word with me, which I complied with, by going back with him; he observed, "That he had forgotten my address, which was the cause of this second application on that subject." I immediately told him again, "No. 17, *Clifford's-Inn*; but desired that he would now make sure of it, by getting pen and ink from one of the waiters, and take it down;" which he did accordingly.

During this transaction, a little effeminate being, whom I afterwards found to be a Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, came up to me, dressed *a la Macaroni*, and impertinently asked me, "Whether any man had not a right to look at a fine woman?" After getting over my first surprize at this wanton interference of a man, who was not even present at the dispute, I answered, "Most certainly; and that I despised the man who did not look at a fine woman; however, I begged leave to observe, that there were two distinct ways of looking at her—with *admiration*, and with *unauthorized contempt*:—that the conduct I censured, was strongly of the latter kind; and on that I founded my opinion, that the offenders were *four dirty impertinent puppies*." On this, he consequentially remarked, "That even *he himself* had been served thus, when *he* look'd at a fine woman." To which I answered, "That I had not the least doubt, but that he merited any observation which might be made to him on that head." On this, he *greatly* answered, "That he would knock the rascal down who dared to say so;" and *nobly* put his hand to his sword.

This *interesting* conference was, for the moment, interrupted by Capt. *Crofts*, who observed, that he supposed I was a Clergyman. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "Perhaps then, you will

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“take the advantage of your profession, and not give me the satisfaction I shall demand.” To which I replied, That he never should find I availed myself of that, to act in any manner derogatory from the character of the Gentleman.—Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* now became abundantly pleasant on this discovery of my profession, which I parried as well as I was able; and, in return, began to hold up this *creature of all creatures* to public derision. The dress, hat and feather,—miniature picture, pendant at his snow-white bosom, and a variety of other delicate appendages to this *man of fashion*, were naturally seized upon by me, and set off to the best advantage.—Here, however, as the laugh grew warm against him, I was attacked by a *bran-span* new face, another red-hot Hibernian, who was scarcely intelligible. His ignorance of our language, I believe, preserved me from that insolence, which his savage countenance strongly menaced. Him however I soon cut short, by observing, “that the affair could by no means concern him, and that therefore, he was an *impertinent fellow* for his pains.”

The company who assembled round us, on this occasion, being desirous of knowing the cause of the dispute, I told it them in a few words, and then appealed, whether I had not done as much as could be expected of me, even if wrong in the first instance, by giving my name and address?—And whether Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, or any indifferent person, had a right thus wantonly to interfere in a matter, in which he was by no means concerned?—So far sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, he was generally hooted by the whole company, and jostled into the middle of the Gardens, where I left him to lament his folly; and immediately took coach, and returned with Mrs. *Hartley*, &c. to town.



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 15

For a confirmation of these several particulars, I beg leave to refer to the Gentlemen above mentioned. The very extraordinary consequences of this transaction you will receive, in order to lay before your readers to-morrow.

Your's, &c.

No. 17, *Clifford's-Inn*,  
July 29, 1773.

HEN. BATE.

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The succeeding Day, *Saturday July 31*, the following appeared in the same paper.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

L E T T E R II.

S I R,

ABOUT two o'clock in the morning, my servant came to my bed-side, and awaked me, in order to deliver the following laconic epistle, which he said, he had that instant received from a man who had the appearance of a waiter, and was then in my chambers expecting an answer.

C O P Y,

S I R,

“ WHEREAS you insulted me last night in a  
“ manner not to be suffered by a man, much  
“ less by a gentleman; I am determined to have  
“ satisfaction; and, as boxing is the exercise you  
“ seem to pride yourself upon, and the only one  
“ that I apprehend you will partake of with me,

C 2

“ this

" this is to give you notice, that if you will ap-  
 " point your time and place, I will meet you upon  
 " your own terms; and if you do refuse to give  
 " me the satisfaction I require, I will hunt you  
 " up and down London till I find you, and will  
 " then *pull your nose—spit in your face, and pull*  
 " *your black coat off your back.*

A. CROFTS."

To the Rev. Mr. Bate, M. A.

Though in expectation of some interview on the  
 preceding night's *fracas*, and perhaps a recapitulation  
 of circumstances, yet I must confess, the style of  
 this letter,—the bearer,—the time,—and mode of  
 its delivery, staggered me not a little. However, I  
 ordered my servant to tell the man who waited with-  
 out,—"*That having some little business to settle in the*  
 "*morning, I must defer seeing the Gentleman till two*  
 "*o'clock in the afternoon, at which time I would expect*  
 "*him.*"—Contemplation naturally arose with me in  
 the morning, when the impropriety of this intended  
 meeting struck me, having no friend, on my part, to  
 be privy to any transaction that might succeed. I  
 resolved, therefore, to adjourn the *éclaircissement* of  
 this matter to a place less exceptionable than my own  
 chambers, and in the mean time, prevail upon some  
 friend to be present at the interview. Accordingly  
 I wrote the following, which I delivered to my ser-  
 vant, with strict injunctions not to leave the cham-  
 bers on any pretence whatever; that if any Gentle-  
 man of the name of *Crofts*, or any Gentleman who  
 said he came from Mr. *Crofts*, should call, to deliver  
 it to either of them.

To

To Captain C R O F T S.

S I R,

“ I WAS in hopes, that a moment’s reflection  
 “ would have convinced you of the general im-  
 “ propriety of that conduct last night, I was un-  
 “ der the necessity of remarking. However, from  
 “ a letter the most extraordinary, which I received  
 “ in bed, at near two o’clock this morning (by  
 “ the hands I suppose of a waiter) without any  
 “ date or address, I am sorry to find, that you  
 “ mean a justification of the measures of your  
 “ associates, and further, insist upon satisfaction  
 “ from me for my just censure of them.—The  
 “ unseasonable hour was the cause of your receiv-  
 “ ing a verbal answer,—that *I should be at home*  
 “ *precisely at two o’clock, and expect you.* However,  
 “ upon more serious consideration, I find myself  
 “ under the necessity of begging you to meet me at  
 “ the Turk’s Head Coffee-house, in the Strand,  
 “ that I may avail myself of a friend’s presence at  
 “ our interview, lest our conversation be misrep-  
 “ sented.—I shall wait for you till four.—Violent  
 “ measures are in every point of view disagreeable  
 “ to me; but, when I wish to avoid them, it can-  
 “ not be expected that it should be done at the  
 “ expence of my honour. I heartily wish our  
 “ meeting may be different from what your threats  
 “ seem to denounce; for you must take some  
 “ pains to bring *me* to extremities. However,  
 “ sensible that the cause I espouse was strictly a  
 “ just

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“just one, I am determined neither to be shaken  
“from it by menaces, nor intimidated by any of  
“your most desperate resolutions.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most obedient Servant,

No. 17, *Clifford's-Inn*,  
*Saturday Morning, July 24, 1773.*

H. BATE.”

Immediately upon this, I repaired in search of, and soon found Mr. *Tateham*, a gentleman who was present at the affray in the Gardens, and who readily accompanied me to dinner to the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in the Strand. On our arrival here, I gave orders to the waiters, that if any gentlemen inquired for me, to shew them to our room. In the course of our dinner, Mr. *Dawes*, a young gentleman of the law, and a friend of mine, hearing of the nature of the dispute, and of my being there, sent in his name, and begged to attend me through it; to this I willingly consented, as Mr. *Tateham* was under the necessity of going out of town that evening, and I knew not at a certainty when the matter might be finally decided.

Not long after this, Capt. *Crofts*, attended by his friend, (whom I afterwards found to be the Honourable Mr. *Lyttleton*) arrived, who were immediately shewn in. After some customary civilities on each side, Capt. *Crofts* addressed me, by observing, “*That he supposed I knew the nature of his visit.*”—To which I answered, “*I certainly did, if that letter which I had then in my hand was written by him, and contained his sentiments.*”—He rejoined in the affirmative to both;

on



on which I remarked, that it was not possible then we could go out upon the terms he might require, until he had put some of his threats in execution.

Mr. Lyttleton on this warmly interfered; and observed, "*that this was not the time to recapitulate particulars; the matter being simply reduced to one point, which, as Capt. Crofts's friend, he was deputed to ask me, viz. Whether I chose to ask Capt. Crofts's pardon in all the public papers, for saying I would wring his nose off his face, or go out with him in half an hour?*"

—To this peremptory demand, I directly replied:—"*That being sensible of no impropriety in this instance, I should not make any concession at all; nor did I think myself justified, after the treatment I had received in Capt. Crofts's letter, to go out with him, till he had executed one of his threats; after which I would certainly attend him.*"

Mr. Lyttleton on this begged leave to reduce the substance of the question and answer to writing; which was done by him and me, in words nearly as above.—After this he asked me, "*Whether I was not now wrong in urging Capt. Crofts to strike me; as from his situation in a military capacity, nothing but the life of one of us could atone for it?*"—To this I answered, "*That having been in the army myself, I was not to be informed of the etiquette thereof in this particular; and was therefore apprized of the grounds on which I stood.*"

On this Mr. Lyttleton observed, "*that he must beg then I would go over to France, lest the consequence might prove fatal to his friend.*"—This new expedition however, I begged leave to wave, by informing him, "*That sensible of the propriety of my conduct, I would by no means leave England, be the event what it would.*"—Here Capt. Crofts interposed,  
and

and said, "The matter might be settled without such  
 " an excursion; for as a misrepresentation of my  
 " character had been the cause of his sending me the  
 " above letter, and being now convinced that the  
 " reverse of the report was the fact, he apologized  
 " for the error, and acquainted me, that he now  
 " looked upon me as a gentleman in every respect."

Immediately upon this, I took him by the hand, confessed his behaviour to be manly, and told him, "That as we could now go out as gentlemen, I was ready to attend him, according to his request."—Then turning to Mr. *Dawes*, begged he would provide a case of pistols, and any other necessities that might be wanting. The Ring in Hyde Park being proposed as the ground, I objected to it, for fear of interruption; and therefore recommended to Mr. *Lyttleton* and Mr. *Dawes*, our seconds, to provide a more private place; at the same time intimating a desire, that we might have a gentleman of the faculty near us, in case either of us should unfortunately stand in need of his assistance.—Here Mr. *Lyttleton* observed, that the afternoon was rather an unusual time for these matters, and therefore urged it might stand over till Sunday morning four o'clock.

To this I answered, "That the affair was disagreeable enough at present in every point of view to me, and therefore I would not on any account, suffer it to hang another night upon my mind." This, with Mr. *Dawes's* citing the case of Lords *Townshend* and *Bellamont*, to prove that it was not so very unusual as was represented, produced an unanimous agreement, that we should therefore instantly take a post coach and four, with a surgeon, drive down to Richmond-Park, and there finally determine the whole difference.

At

At the instant we were about to quit the room, Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* abruptly broke in upon us, with his hat on, and, in the most insolent tone of voice, demanded satisfaction of me, "in the name of *his friend Capt. Miles*, who was without in the Coffee-room, waiting with the utmost impatience." Having recovered from the surprize, I answered, "That he came rather *mal a propos*, as I was going out that moment to settle a point of honour with Capt. *Crofts*, which I hoped would rectify the whole matter."—To this he replied, "That his friend insisted upon satisfaction first; and therefore I should not go out with any other man until he had received it; and that even after this, there were *three or four others* who insisted upon the same."—I now appealed to Mr. *Lyttleton* and Capt. *Crofts*, to know in what manner I should act; telling them, I could fight but one at a time, and therefore would be directed by them; my second frequently interrupting with similar observations:—I begged leave that Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* would introduce his friend Capt. *Miles*, that I might see this man, whom I was assured I could not have offended.

He replied, "he could not do that, as Capt. *Miles* was so enraged against me, that probably he might beat me." I observed, That I fancied myself in the company of Gentlemen; and even at the worst I could defend myself, and therefore begged he might be introduced.—He now informed me, "That Capt. *Miles* only came to fight me my own way; and therefore if I did not box him immediately, he would knock me down wherever he saw me in public." Mr. *Lyttleton*, Capt. *Crofts*, and Mr. *Dawes* now interposed, by observing, That I had behaved in every respect like the gentleman; that from my present

D

conduct,

conduct, my character must have been totally misrepresented; and therefore begged this matter might drop, and Capt. *Crofts* and I go out to settle our point:—This however Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* flatly refused; but while I was in conversation with him, Mr. *Lyttleton*, Capt. *Crofts*, and Mr. *Dawes* consulted together, and agreed, that with my consent, the affair between Capt. *Crofts* and me might be adjusted, if some concessions were made on either side; to which I immediately assented, if it could possibly be done consistent with my honour. Capt. *Crofts* therefore first declared, “That Mrs. *Hartley* having been “ungentlely treated, Mr. *Bate* acted with great “spirit and propriety in defending her.” To which I readily replied, “That point being granted, I “begged Mr. *Crofts*’s pardon for any unguarded expression, which arose from a misunderstanding on “both sides.”

Thus far being amicably settled, we returned to the former subject; and on Capt. *Crofts*’s retiring, Captain *Miles* was introduced. Addressing myself to him, I acquainted him, “That I had never seen his “face before, and therefore was ignorant how I “could offend him.” I therefore begg’d leave to ask him, Whether he was the person who took Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*’s part in Vauxhall-Gardens? To which he confusedly answered, “Yes; and he now came “to take the part of his friend Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*.” I told him, “That he would be disappointed of the “satisfaction he intended himself, for that I never “boxed with a gentleman, nor ever would; but if “he had a violent inclination to box, and nothing “would satisfy him without it, I would send for “two chairmen, give them a guinea a-piece, and “beat, or be beaten, by them.”—Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*  
now



now said, "It did not signify talking any more  
 " about it, for that if I did not fight him now,  
 " Capt. *Miles* was determined to beat me at Vaux-  
 " hall, or any where he next saw me." To which  
 I answered, "I should be there every night next  
 " week, and would certainly defend myself."

Here the congress broke up, Mess. *Lyttleton*, *Fitz-Gerall*, and Capt. *Miles* going out. Not willing they should enjoy any thing like the shadow of a triumph, I run instantly after them into the street, perhaps indeed, imprudently, and, overtaking them on the pavement, opposite Catharine-street, I told the *Captain*,  
 " That rather than receive any public insults, if he  
 " would fix an hour on Monday morning, and bring  
 " either of the gentlemen then with him, I would  
 " meet him, and give him the satisfaction he re-  
 " quired." I received no other answer than "*Damn*  
*ye now, Sir.*"—Not able to contain myself any longer, I beckoned him into the passage of the Spread Eagle Tavern, where we went into the front dining-room, attended by our friends, as before. I again addressed him, and begged he would not insist upon this porter-like business, or that he would tell me how I had offended him; intimating to him, at the same time, that I shrewdly suspected I could beat him. Not being able to pacify him with words, we stripped, and previous to the onset, I addressed Mr. *Lyttleton*, "to testify how disagreeable it was to  
 " me; and if there could be a propriety in such an  
 " exercise, which I much doubted, begged it might  
 " be here observed on both sides." These proper preliminaries being settled, the *Captain* received in about fifteen minutes the *satisfaction* he required, not being able to discern a single ray of light, by which to find his way home.

## 24 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

Three Irish Chairmen, I have this instant learnt, were hired to attend the meeting (according to their own confession to Mr. English, Hosier, in Catharine-Street) “*to see their little Tommy, (Capt. Miles) had fair “ play;*” and if it came to a riot in the street, that they might lend a friendly hand, to carry the point of an infamous assassin.

This *ungentlemanlike* business being however settled, we all returned to the Turk’s Head, except the unfortunate Capt. *Miles*, when my conduct was in general highly commended, and Mr. *Lyttleton*, on his leaving us, begged I would oblige him with my company to dinner the next day, (Sunday.)

On their departure, Mr. *Dawes* and I began to collect together some circumstances, which led us to suspect, that this Capt. *Miles* was an hired bruiser. —His most amazingly confused address, the manner in which his friends treated him, and his new awkward vestments, all conspired to convince us he was a *made-up gentleman* for the business. Determined, however, to act with caution in the investigation of the matter, the next day when I dined with Mr. *Lyttleton*, I asked him in the drawing-room apart, “Whether he knew Capt. *Miles*?” To which he answered, with a shrug of the shoulders, “He did “not.” Not a word more on the subject passed the whole day, though Capt. *Crofts* and Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* were of the party.

On the Monday morning I was informed, that his *vanquished friend* Capt. *Miles* was Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*’s own footman. In consequence of this intelligence, which was a confirmation of my own suspicions, I sent the following note to Mr. *Lyttleton*:

COPY,

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 25

C O P Y.

Clifford's-Inn, Monday July 26, 1773.

" MR. *Bate's* compliments to the Honourable Mr.  
" *Lyttleton*, and requests he would favour him with  
" the address of Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*.—Every thing  
" having been settled of the late *fracas* to Mr.  
" *Bate's* entire satisfaction, except the affair of  
" Mr. *Fitz-Gerall's* friend, the boxing Capt. *Miles*,  
" he wishes to have that single point (which ap-  
" pears at present mysterious) cleared up, to com-  
" plete the general *ecclaircissement*."

To the Hon. *Tho. Lyttleton*,  
*Gerrard-street.*

To this I could get no answer till Tuesday, which  
was then but a verbal one, with, " his compliments,  
" and that Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* was to be found always at  
" dinner at the Cocoa-tree."

I now immediately wrote and sent the following :

C O P Y.

Clifford's-Inn, Tuesday July 27, 1773.

" MR. *Bate's* compliments to Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*,  
" and having a small matter of business to  
" settle with *his friend* Capt. *Miles*, requests the  
" favour of his address, or the name of the place at  
" which he is most likely to be met with."

To ——— *Fitz-Gerrall*, Esq.  
*Cocoa-tree, Pall-Mall.*

From sending repeatedly after him, I received the  
following concise message at twelve o'clock at night,

" That

26 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

"That *there was no answer.*"—On the Wednesday I therefore wrote thus to him:

C O P Y.

Clifford's-Inn, Wednesday.

"MR. *Bate's* compliments to Mr. *Fitz-Gerrall*,  
 "and is sorry to inform him, that the mes-  
 "sage he has received in answer to his note,  
 "gives him strong reason to apprehend, that there  
 "are some grounds for the report, that *his friend*  
 "Capt. *Miles*, was no other than his own foot-  
 "man. However, not willing to condemn him  
 "without the fullest conviction, he gives him by  
 "this intimation, an opportunity of confirming  
 "the truth, or falsity of such report."

To ——— *Fitz-Gerrall*, Esq.  
*Cocoa-tree, Pall Mall.*

To this I have not been able to procure the least answer whatever, even to the present hour.—

This is a strict, and nearly literal recapitulation of the various occurrences which have attended this dispute, and is now presented to the public for their conclusions. From the tenor of the whole, I hope it will be at least observable, that wherever I erred, it was from judgment only, and not from principle. The reader will discover, that I have been particularly attentive to the darkest hero of the piece, whose principal shades have ever owed their height of colouring to the distresses he could force upon an individual, or his daring outrages on society at large. This intimation will therefore be sufficient to prevent the public interposition, should such a wretch be severely cudgelled by the man he has now so grossly insulted;  
 who



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 27

who means only by so friendly an act; to prevent his making a more general atonement at the hands of a common executioner.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

No. 17, *Clifford's-Inn*,  
*July 30, 1773.*

H. BATE.

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In consequence of an unseasonable visit from Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* to Mr. *Bate*, at his chambers on *Sunday* morning, the following was published in

*Monday's* MORNING POST.

L E T T E R III.

To ——— FITZ-GERALL, Esq.

SIR,

THE honour of your visit to me this morning at one o'clock, was of so singular a nature, that a public acknowledgement of it cannot be chargeable with any violent impropriety.—It will save us both an infinity of trouble. The curious will be informed of the circumstances on both sides, without the tedious formalities of separate narrations.—

In the late infamous affray, from whence I derived the melancholy consequence of your acquaintance, it is I believe, generally understood, that I acquitted myself with a tolerable degree of prudence and fortitude. The voice of candour has therefore upon that event, prescribed a solemn distance

stance between us for ever: you will, perhaps, think it too rigid; since it will now scarce permit me to look down upon, or lament the situation of a wretch, since that wretch is the wanton, self-created, out-cast of society. Yet premeditated Villainy must not go unpunished: However dark and secret his footsteps, I will industriously trace the monster, till public atonement be made, or he hide his savage head eternally in oblivion.

I would fain attribute your dark attempt of last night, or rather this morning, to those Bacchanalian follies, which have regularly preceded you to the chair of Infamy: But it savours too much of deliberate villainy, to be less than the machination of some dæmon of revenge.—I own my situation was somewhat unpleasant, when four armed gentlemen, attended by two others, came to my chambers in the dead of night, knocked up my servant, and endeavoured, under a feigned voice, and other specious pretences, to allure me from my bed: the instant I had entered amongst you in the dark, I doubt not but your triumph had been complete. The summons of a known poltroon I never obey, and therefore I escaped; for, Mr. Fitz-Gerall I believe was the only one who had even a pretence for speaking with me. I honour the impudence of that man, who, knowing he has too far degraded himself below the dignity of a gentleman ever to be seen in that light again, now talks of nothing but *Bullets and Bagshot*. Before my knowledge of *your friend* Captain Mites, you could tamely submit to be called an *impertinent, meddling puppy* in the midst of Vauxhall Gardens; a phrase that would have called forth the resentment of a grocer's apprentice; but when you and the world are informed of the mole of chastisement I have

laid

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 29

laid out for you, and which is the only one I can now condescend to bestow upon you, we hear of nothing but *Slugs in a Saw-pit*.

Think not, young gentleman, that the humours of last night, however oft repeated, will shake me from my resolve. I have zeal in some instances, which may surmount the resolution of an assassin. Should you continue to watch each pale moon to her chambers of retirement through the circling year, and then steal out when darkness reigns propitious to your design, still, as long as I can escape the filetto, the ruffian shall be dragged forth, however reluctant, to public view; where, as his designs were dark and horrid, his punishment shall be proportionably ignominious.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

*Clifford's Inn,*

*Sunday noon, Aug. 1. 1773.*

H. B A T E.

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The day after, *Tuesday Aug. 3*, the following was published in the *GAZETTEER*.

L E T T E R IV.

To the Rev. Mr. HENRY BATE.

S I R,

THE unwarrantable freedom you have taken with my character in your narrative of the Vauxhall transactions, and the little regard you have paid to truth and candour, constrain me to lay before the public a

E

true

*true and impartial* account of that affair, so far as I had any concerns in it directly or indirectly: Nor can I entertain the least doubt, but that upon a fair hearing, my conduct from the beginning to the end will bear the common sterling stamp of the gentleman, the man of honour, and, (if rightly considered by Mr. *Bate* himself) the *real friend*.

To begin then my justification; even you yourself, Mr. *Bate*, will do me the justice to acknowledge I was not present when the pretended rudeness you so much complain of was offered to Mrs. *Hartley*. In fact I was in another part of the gardens: But the rumour being instantaneously spread over the whole place, that Capt. *Crofts* had been insulted with the grossest abuse and foulest language by a gentleman then unknown; I own, Sir, I made what expedition I could to find my friend, in order, if possible, to prevent any fatal consequences. When I found Capt. *Crofts*, Sir, you was in conference with him, words had run very high between you both, and the cause of all this *fracas*, it seems, was, that “Mrs. *Hartley* had been looked at in a manner (as you say) “not altogether genteel.” This being the ground of the quarrel, I thought there was room to qualify the supposed affront that had unintentionally been given to this lady, and I observed, that certainly every man had a right to look at a *fine woman*. I flattered myself, that by giving Mrs. *Hartley* that epithet, which so justly is her due, I should receive at least a decent, if not a polite answer, more especially as I declared to you, that I only came to *mediate* the affair. Sir, I am now appealing to the tribunal of the public, and upon my honour I solemnly declare I had no other intentions when I accosted you, but to mediate the affair between Capt. *Crofts* and you.



you. The one I knew to be a gentleman, the other, by his dress, *appeared* to be so ; and I was in hopes of reconciling you both. But, Sir, what opinion must the public have of your veracity in telling your own tale, when, instead of thanking, or at least meeting me half way in my endeavours to *mediate*, you abruptly answered in these very words, “ *Damn you for your mediation ; you are an impertinent puppy for your pains.* ” This answer of yours, Sir, you have not only jesuitically with-held from the public ; but you are pleased to tell them another story, and add, “ that on this, I *greatly* answered, I would knock the rascal down who dared to say so, and nobly put my hand to my sword.” Sir, you know in your own conscience I never mentioned the word rascal, nor did I tell you that I would knock any man down who dared to say so. Nature, Sir, has not cast me in an athletic mould, nor has the science of bruising had any share in my gymnastic education. It is true, indeed, when you gave me the ungentlemanlike answer I have mentioned above, I observed to you that you had no sword, but that you might easily borrow one, and that we had better retire than make any noise in so public a place. I declare, Sir, upon my honour, that at the time I gave you this whisper in the ear, I was an utter stranger to your profession ; nor, from your preceding behaviour, could I possibly divine that you were in *holy orders* ; much less could I dream of any such thing by the answer you gave me, which was, that you did not chuse to encounter me *that way*, but that, if I had a mind to try my skill at bruising, you was entirely at my service. Thus, Sir, stood the *démêlé* I had with you, when Capt. *Crofts* gave me to understand that you was a PARSON. Upon this eclclaircissement you are pleased to say, that “ I became abundantly plea-

fant and witty upon your ecclesiastical character." The real truth is, and I will not disguise it, I replied, That I was ashamed of your behaviour, and that you ought to have your gown publicly stripped from off your shoulders; and from that moment I determined, Sir, even though your conduct towards me had been a thousand times more reprehensible than it really was, and though you had sworn a thousand more oaths than I am sorry to say you did, I determined within my own mind to pay every possible respect to your cloth, and treat you as a man, who, if not out of his senses, was at least within the sacred pale and protection of the church. For, Sir, I had a character at stake, which I might have endangered, had I applied either my sword or my cane, knowing you to be a clergyman. But, Sir, notwithstanding the lenity and prudence I manifested on this occasion, I cannot help repeating, that I think you deserve to have your cassock pulled over your ears. I may, however, be erroneous in my judgment, as no person is a proper judge in his own cause; but if you think my judgment in the wrong, Sir, I am very willing to submit the censure I thus pass upon your public conduct to the decision and final adjudication of your own Diocesan, who, I understand, is the Bishop of London, and whom all the world must allow to be a competent arbitrator.

GEO.-ROB. FITZ-GERALL.

The

The succeeding day, this answer came out in the MORNING POST.

# LETTER V.

TO GEO. ROBERT FITZ-GERALL, Esq.

SIR,

WHEN villainy has wrought the human mind to a certain degree of deformity, the phenomenon, attracting our admiration, may influence the weakest of our passions:—Having confessed the originality of your character, and even now astonished at such a wonder-work of Providence, considering the frailty of human nature, I wish our dealings hereafter to be as limited as possible. I own that you have betrayed me into a weakness, by forcing me for a moment to dispute the rectitude of the universal system. But, doubtless, the same extensive Wisdom who gave being to the *blood-enveloped house-breaker*, and *assassinating foot-pad*, found it necessary, in his mysterious operations, to create a being, in whom should center the deformities of both. The man, impatient of violent injuries, may here be rather innocently led to arraign the Divine Justice; but I am thankful, that reflection has weight enough with me to banish such melancholy ideas; and rejoice from thence to find, that a sacred *ne plus* is assigned even to the most refined degeneracy. If we could ever be led to doubt the position, your letter of this day must convince us—that the vicious ignorance of the darkest profligate betrays itself in language; and that his vices are therefore seldom or never contagious, but from a personal intercourse.

Being

Being now in no danger of becoming a convert to the creed of libertinism and treachery, from the impotence of those arguments dealt out for their support by niggard Nature, a distant correspondence of this kind I will never refuse you. If such condescension can at all amuse in this your disgraceful state of exile from society, I have that Christian charity which will not let me with-hold it from you.—Forlorn and wretched as you really are, I will give you a temporary relief from the pangs of self-conviction, by enticing your feeble talents ever and anon into their diminutive kind of exertion.

Dragged forth with horrible reluctance, ten days being elapsed, you make a miserable entrance in this day's *Gazetteer*; and after the example of every self-convicted culprit, unwilling to plead *guilty*, you make a contemptible appeal to the public, in the nature of a defence. Generously giving you credit for its masterly formation, I apprehend the whole burden of it to be strictly this:—*That your interposition was that of a mediator;—that I damn'd you for your mediation, and called you an impertinent puppy for your pains;—that you told me I had no sword on, but that I might borrow one;—and that I replied, I did not chuse to engage you that way, but that if you had a mind to try your skill at bruising, I was entirely at your service.*————

Unfortunately for you, my gentle *Paris*! not a shadow of truth rests on either of these assertions, except that indeed of your being “*an impertinent puppy for your pains,*” which I acknowledged in my letter of yesterday to have said to you; nor need you therefore have taken such an infinity of pains to enforce, what is already so strongly impressed on my mind, and on that of the public.

Rescued



Rescued from the danger as a naked man, I cannot now but laugh at your savage notions of a mediator ;—but my wonder ceases, when I recollect to have read of two gentlemen going out to fight, one of whom was shot through the head by a mediatorial friend, in order to prevent the consequence of a triumph on either side.—I fancy Capt. *Crofts* cannot but recollect the mode of your first address, and therefore I will not enforce the evidence of *my friends*, till that gentleman, or some other, will step forth in public, and bear *you* witness. As far as respects the sword business, it is entirely either the effect of a phrensiad and distempered brain, or the paltry, forged evasion of an equivocating reptile. To one and the same cause must I assign the origin of the *bruising* ; since I repeatedly and studiously told you all, *THAT was never my plan.* Nay, had it been,—what could tempt me to it, when Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* was the tiny object of my resentment ! I appeal to your friend Capt. *Crofts*, whether I did not repeatedly disown such a mode to *him* ? and if I waved it here, where some triumph might have been the consequence, how could I condescend to think of such an operation, when your little presence of aerial divinity courted my thoughts from manhood, to a silent contemplation of the progressive beauties of the pigmy system ?

No, my dear little whimsey-formed being, let no such rude forebodings disturb thy pretty peace in future ! Terrific as my strides appear to such filphs and filphids, I have long forgotten that school-boy pleasure of *breaking butterflies on the wheel* ; nor would I now crush a noxious reptile, had it not attempted to sting the foot, that meant not to disturb it.

I cannot take leave of you, without acknowledging your political merit, in referring the nature of our dispute

dispute to the arbitration of the *Bishop of London*. I will not accuse *you* with the thought, notwithstanding its excellence.—Candid as it may appear, I must however decline it, tho' no man esteems this illustrious prelate more than I do. I know his worth, as a man; his excellence, as a christian: yet his decree must be in some respect, opposite to the feelings of humanity. You know not perhaps, the motto of the reverend bench, "*If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn unto him thy left also.*" This, I own is an excellent system, accompanied with lawn sleeves: these pious appendages have a soporific quality, depriving the wearers of any other than a theoretical knowledge of it. However, point me not out to their Lordships as an heretic in this instance; for I have no objection to fall into their notions, upon similar terms.—

The fiery taper of youth will naturally burn less and less glaring, as Time with frigid hand shall call forth his hoary emblems on our head. The mitre then adorns the reverend brow; the holy crozier guards its *single* priest from violence.—In this calm stand-still of life, the hour may come, when I shall wish for such sacred protections; and without an abundance of miracles, time might vouchsafe to work me to the sacred purpose.—Then, being free from the wanton attacks of libertinism, my right-reverend feelings, would be reduced to a narrow and peaceable compass;—then could I perhaps, declaim in favour of that non-resistance which my youthful impetuosity pointed out as no virtue, and even being smitten by Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* on the right cheek, might, from a fortitude truly religious,—*turn unto him my left also.*

I am,

S I R,

*Clifford's-Inn,*

Your's, &c.

Aug. 3, 1773.

HENRY BATE.

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 37

MR. FITZ-GERALL's LETTER to the Rev. Mr. HENRY BATE, concluded in *Thursday's GAZETTEER*, August 5.

L E T T E R VI.

To the Rev. Mr. HENRY BATE.

S I R,

**T**HE letter I addressed to you, Sir, in *Monday's Gazetteer*, I flatter myself hath fully convinced the impartial Public, my conduct throughout this transaction hath been that of the gentleman, and the man of honour: *of the gentleman*, by my treating you as such, so long as I took you to be a LAYMAN. *Of the man of honour*, by ceasing to demand satisfaction, the very moment I knew you to be in *holy orders*. It now remains that I convince the same impartial Public, that I also acted to you as a real friend; I say *real friend*, Sir, because if I see a Clergyman of the Church of England scandalously exposing himself in public, and can possibly make him feel his folly so as to prevent a return of a similar paroxysm; I think, Sir, even in your own opinion, I must be allowed to be doing that Clergyman an act of real friendship. If you grant me this position, then my reply is, "Nathan, thou art the man." For I appeal to the whole company who were that night at *Vauxhall*, whether they did not deem you, as a man, lost to all sense of public shame, public character, and public decorum?

Desperate as your *disorder* was, I did not despair to cure it. The only doubt with me was the *modus curandi*.

To have consigned you over to *Lord Mansfield's* tipstaff might possibly have had a temporary effect,

F

but

## 38 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

but it would not have gone to the root of the disorder, and a relapse in such a calenture as yours, seemed to me to be death unavoidable.

On the other hand, had I taken this matter up seriously, had I attempted to convince you, that the fate of nations is not now-a-days, decided by bodily strength or muscular adroitness, but by the fusil, bayonet, and cannon; and that consequently, in a political point of view, the science of bruising, so far as it relates to gentlemen who are born to command fleets and armies, can be of no service, and therefore contemned by them as a thing of no value; nay, had I even acknowledged that I approved of this *bruising science*, when confined to the lower class of people, because I think the national habits of vulgar courage ought never to be checked; I say, Sir, had I attempted to have reasoned with you in this manner, I should only have added fuel to fire. The only method then I could make use of with any hopes of success, was to hold up to you the mirror of ridicule, not doubting but that I should find with the poet Horace,

*Ridiculum Aeri*

*Fortius ac Melius, magnas plerumque secat res.*

On this plan, Sir, I will not conceal from you, that my first intention was to have borrowed one of *Foote's* wooden heroes; strip him stark naked, put him in a true Broughtonian attitude, and have told you, that he insisted upon your fighting him. It was objected, that you must certainly see through the game that was going to be played upon you. I was, indeed, of a different opinion; and I observed, that if the Knight of La Manch, who, in every respect, that of *frantic courage* excepted, was an excellent scholar, and



## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 39

and an accomplished gentleman, could seriously encounter a wind-mill; or barber's bason, your disorder being simular to his; you would easily fall into a similar deception, *specie recti*.—However, Sir, to comply with my friends; I suffered my opinion to be overruled; yet, unwilling to leave you uncured, I dressed one of my servants, introduced you to him; as a person you greatly affronted, and a pitched battle ensued between you both, to the great diversion of the few by-standers, who were privy to the secret, which hath been pompously recorded by your own pen in the Morning Post. But there is one little circumstance, which out of charity I now tell you, and that is, I gave my servant strict orders not to beat you unmercifully, and when we thought he had given you a sufficient dose, we not only interposed and parted you; but we highly commended your bravery, and made you believe that you had sealed up both the peepers of the redoubtable Capt. Miles:

The good intention I had in playing the risible farce upon you, was, that when you should come to the denouement of the plot, you might see *quasi in speculo* into what an infinite number of absurdities, embarrassments, and vulgarisms your *unclassical* propensity for bruising must, as a *Clergyman*, unavoidably betray you; for, a man, not absolutely bereft of reason, to see his error, is to be half cured of it; and I had flattered myself, indeed, that I had happily made this half way progress, and was determined to be an autoptical witness of the real fact. With this intent I went last *Saturday* to your chambers in *Clifford's-Inn*; Mr. *Montague*, Mr. *Lyttleton*, and Mr. *Storer* were so obliging as to accompany me. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, when I pleased myself with thinking that cool reason would have resumed her empire, and

that I should have found you preparing yourself for the next morning's function of your holy office, and that, consequently all rancour, animosity, and ill-will was for ever buried in oblivion. But, Sir, how greatly were my hopes crest-fallen, when, after gently knocking at your door, I found it barricadoed against me, though I repeatedly told you my name, and the real purport of my visit. In return for this my care and attention, all the satisfaction I could obtain was, to hear myself called, "an assassin, with reiterated assurances from your own lips, that the first time you should meet me, either in the Mall, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or the Pantheon, you would break every bone in my skin. Sir, it is an easy matter to talk of breaking bones; but if you are not *incurably gone*, I now caution you not to attempt putting your menaces into execution. For if I must be serious with you, Mr. Bate, you ought to know, that the gentleman who can respect the protection of your cloth to a certain degree, will, beyond that degree, protect himself. And I must further observe to you, that if, in the defence of my person, any *fatal consequence* should happen either to you or myself, the blame will now lie at the door of your diocesan, and not at that of

Your humble servant,

GEORGE-ROBERT FITZ-GERALL.

Mr. BATE's Answer in the MORNING POST of  
Friday, August 6.

L E T T E R VII.

TO GEO.-ROB. FITZ-GERALL, Esq.

S I R,

**T**HE thread of inconsistent villainy being this day re-united, I have now before me the whole contemptible defence of the most daring, yet ridiculous, disturber of the public peace.—It has been observed, that my former letters soared too far above the narrow limits of your puny understanding. I admit in part the propriety of the remark, and therefore, in this reply, I shall studiously confine myself to that simplicity of language which is found the abler advocate in the cause of virtue.

Pardon me, if here I breathe a digressive sigh for some noble and worthy personages, who, till the fatal conclusion of your letter, had comforted themselves with a flattering idea, that their kinsman was rather vicious from accident, than from principle, or fatal necessity. The tears of penitence, young man, are a grateful and efficacious offering even to despairing friends, winning them, as it were, by enchantment, almost to our own terms of remission;—but, from your example, we are taught not to wonder, that a wanton and stubborn perseverance alarms the dignity of their fortitude, and bids them renounce forever the villain they could not reclaim.—

I have hitherto, Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, in this correspondence with you, trifled with my own consequence, rather

## 42 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

rather pursuing the delusive flights of imagination, than standing forth simply your accuser, as the injured man. However, a just and public sacrifice can never be out of season, and therefore I will now pin you down to that public stake of infamy, from which the extravagance of your conduct will never let you rise. Behold me, therefore, literally a rigid accuser, no longer wishing to trifle with the despondency of a criminal, or the patience of the public, his appointed judge.—If shame will permit you to look up, you may now see how truly formidable is an injured individual rationally collected, and inspired with a strong but temperate fortitude, the powerful staff ordained to support him.—The public, Sir, are impatient for the decision, and therefore no *hired* evasions will longer avail you: The following black indictment courts your dejected eyes; and truly dismal is such a scroll, which bears the stamp of unshaken authenticity.—

### C H A R G E S

Against GEORGE-ROBERT FITZ-GERALL, Esq.

#### I.

I have all along accused you, and now more solemnly accuse you, of being a wanton leader of the second attack against me in Vauxhall gardens;—of being an impertinent meddler in my dispute with Capt. *Crofts*, to whom I had previously given my name and address; averring, that the mode of your *mediatorial* interpolation was audacious and presuming.

#### II.

I accuse you of publicly sporting with my profession; of putting your hand to your sword against  
me



## MACARONIES DEFEATED. 43

me as a naked man, without the least intimation at any time of your desiring satisfaction of me for the extorted ridicule, you received from me in the Gardens.

### III.

I accuse you of breaking into a \* private room the next morning, in the most insolent manner, just at that instant when Capt. Crofts and I were going out to terminate our difference; and ruffian-like, prevented it, by insisting that your friend Capt. Miles should have satisfaction first.

### IV.

I accuse you of introducing your own servant to me as a gentleman and an officer; and of persisting in my boxing with this savage, notwithstanding the interposition of Mr. Lyttleton and Capt. Crofts, who repeatedly told you "*that my character had been misconceived, and that I had acted in every respect like the gentleman, and man of honour.*"

### V.

I accuse you likewise of hiring three other Irish ruffians, and planting them at the door of Mr. English, the corner of Catharine-street, in order to aid and assist in your infamous project, should it be necessary to enforce it in the street.

\* It remains to be answered—How Mr. Fitz-Gerall came to know of this place of meeting, except from Capt. Crofts or Mr. Lyttleton; as Mr. Fitz-Gerall never called at Mr. Bate's chambers; nor did even Capt. Crofts, and his second, Mr. Lyttleton, know it was to be at the Turk's-Head, until the receipt of Mr. Bate's letter to Capt. Crofts a few minutes before their arrival there.

### VI. I accuse

## THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

### VI.

I accuse you of totally misrepresenting the consequences of the boxing business, since your friend was beat stone-blind in reality, and I did not receive a single blow.

### VII.

I accuse you of misrepresenting the time of your intended assassination at my chambers on the Sunday morning, it being more than a quarter after one o'clock, as can be testified, if necessary, by the affidavit of the porter of the Inn.——

This dark catalogue of positive charges, I solemnly lay at your door, and defy your every exertion to remove them. The fact on which they are grounded, I shall conceive as admitted even by your own partizans, who were present at the transactions, except one or more of them step publicly forth, and confute them: I now leave you for the present despicable in the eyes of this vast metropolis, and even condemned, alas! by the generous natives of your own kingdom; whose notions of honour, though sometimes too chimerical, will not permit them even to rank with a countryman, who, harsh as it may sound, stands convicted as An INCENDIARY,—a LYAR,—and a POLTROON.

Your's, &c.

Clifford's-Inn,

Thursday, Aug. 5.

H. BATE.

The following appeared in the GAZETTEER of  
Monday, August 9.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Rev. Mr. B A T E.

**B**Y seeing this letter in the paper, do not think I mean to continue a literary correspondence with you, Sir, who thrive by scandal, and live upon defamation; I therefore declare, that as this is the first, so it shall be the last time I will publish any thing concerning the late affair at Vauxhall. I had indeed imagined that you and I, Sir, had finally settled all our differences: but as I find you have revived the subject, by your letters in the Morning Post, it is incumbent upon me to set the misinformed public right, in some particulars which you have grossly falsified.

You publicly call upon me to certify the truth of your having declined boxing, during the whole course of your proceedings. Now, Sir, I as publicly declare, that so far from declining, you long insisted upon it, refusing me the satisfaction I required, and calling upon me to put my threats into execution, which, you said, you would resent with your fist, and your fist only; and it was in consequence of Mr. *Lyttleton's* assuring you, that the issue of the affair must then of necessity be fatal, that you condescended to "wave your privilege;" and, for the first time in your life, put yourself upon the footing of a gentleman.

Again, Sir, in your letter to Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, you assert that I said, "Mrs. *Hartley* having been ungenerally treated, Mr. *Bate* acted with great spirit and propriety in defending her."——This, Sir, as I

G

never

46 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

never thought, I never said: the concluding words that passed between us were as follows; I confessed that you would have acted properly in protecting a lady who had in your company been publicly affronted, but that I did not think Mrs. *Hartley* came under that predicament; and as to myself, I neither intended nor offered her an insult. In answer to which, you replied, "I am sorry my passion forced improper words from me, and I ask your pardon." These, Sir, were your words; and as they were much attended to, they must have been heard and remembered by every gentleman present. I little thought the affair would have terminated thus amicably, as I was far from imagining that there would have been any stop put to my determined resolution of chastising your insolence.

Now, Sir, I take my leave of you, advertising you that I have heard of your *terrific* threats, and denunciations of revenge. These I look upon as the ravings of a lunatic, and the frantic workings of a distempered brain. If, however, you have coolly concerted schemes of meditated vengeance, I shall not, Sir, appeal to the mediation of your diocesan, or the interposition of Justice Fielding. I, Sir, am a soldier, and look equally with an eye of contempt at the mischief of a monkey, and the malice of a monk.

W. CROFTES,

*Richmond, August 5.*

Mr. BATE'S,



Mr. BATE's Answer, on Tuesday, August 10, in the  
MORNING POST.

LETTER IX.

To W. CROFTES, *Esq.*

SIR,

AS a man truly sensible of your situation, I cannot but pity your misfortunes.—You must at last I think discover, the fatality of your league with an abandoned and despicable associate, who will not let you now enjoy that retreat from an extravagant imprudence, which your penitentials, and my sympathy, had happily wrought for you. Convicted himself,—after the most candid and dispassionate hearing, he seems divested of that savage kind of clemency which has dignified the robber and assassin; who bear individually the vengeance of society, rather than involve the partner of their guilt in the horrors of their punishment. This was the *etiquette* of heroic villainy; but now lost in the dastard refinements introduced by our modern *fine gentlemen*: for Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* has hauled you forth, ere the conscious blush of guilt had lost its empire o'er your cheek, insisting that you shall make a similar atonement with him, and that on the same public, and disgraceful scaffold.

With what a becoming diffidence do you face the world, Mr. *Croftes*, in this day's *Gazetteer*!—Your anticipations are so melancholy and well founded, that I could, as far as respects myself, let them die away contemptibly with the jargon and nonsense of the day.—We lament the distresses of the wretched, culprit mariner, who declares with aching heart, that if he weathers but the perils of his present voyage, he ne'er

will tempt the watery main again.—Yet Society has its sacred claims on culprits of every denomination; on that account, though you studiously wish to preclude my reply, I cannot let you fall a slow and miserable sacrifice to your own wretched feelings and falsehoods, when one friendly crush may annihilate you for ever.

After a lethargy of three tedious summer weeks, you are roused from your somnolency, and *now* attempt to invalidate a simple narration of facts, which your silence, and the public candour, have solemnly confirmed. However apparently insignificant its orbit, that little fiery meteor *Fitz-Gerall* has its influence I perceive on certain *pliant* bodies; forcing the timid into that disgraceful service in which he himself has been so shamefully defeated. The servile awe with which the whole *petit maitre* tribe look up to this gilded phantom of prowess, is a justification of your prudence. I jump with you in opinion, that an experimental insult on a peaceable clergyman, who fights, not but from necessity, is less hazardous, than even a difference in opinion with another, whose valour is founded on \* “*his having fought eleven duels,*” and whose principal beauty arises from having lost the roof of his skull by a pistol shot.—

The world, Sir, are already convinced of your folly, and my circumspection.—I will not therefore now dispute with you myself on the two facts, the subject of your letters, which you have so totally misrepresented. The candid will be satisfied without it; and even the incredulous shall be eased of any doubts and scruples

\* This was one, amongst others, of Mr. *Lyttleton*'s observations to me (perhaps *in terrorem*) at the Turk's Head. It seems not to tally, however, with an anecdote now circulating at *Stuart's*, in Bond-street; where a case of pistols are said to be still hanging as disgraceful *mementos* of Mr. *F——*'s forgetfulness.

scruples about it, by the public testimony of those Gentlemen, who were present at the discussion.

I cannot however but remind you of this awkward introduction of yourself to the public.—You acknowledge to stand forth on my appeal.—Now, Sir, if my memory serves me, the appeal was to prove, “that I observed to you repeatedly at *Vauxhall*, that “boxing was by no means my plan, and therefore, “if I refused to *you*, where some honour might succeed a bruising conquest, how could I (in *Vauxhall* “observe) think of such a mode with the tiny *Fitz-Gerall*?”

Your masterly reply (admitting it true for the moment) is, “That I insisted upon your putting the “threats of your letter in execution, &c. &c. *the next day at the Turk’s Head Coffee-house.*” This is a mode of advancing so truly *Hibernian*, that nothing but Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* having a mechanical command of you, could possibly have occasioned.

I believe I have worked myself up into that philosophical contempt for complicated vice and folly, to be able to *hear* any thing you can advance, however false and atrocious, without the least emotion. Since your own *passive* disposition, and the well-concerted interposition of an *Irish renegado*, and his attendant ruffians, prevented the proof positive of my courage, I will not sigh for a fresh opportunity of displaying it, but rather be thankful, that *my* honour has been preserved, without the loss of blood on either side.—You may now indulge yourself, young man, with paroxysms of rage and vengeance; since neither *my* necessities, nor vices, are so pressing, as seriously to demand my forfeit life,—since I never mean to befriend that most abject of all beings, who has not spirit enough to disengage *himself* from his miseries, but  
cowardly

cowardly courts another's hand to drive him from existence.

As a proof that I never vowed the least vengeance against you whatever, I will even consent that all your anxieties shall cease in future.—You shall be a man of gallantry,—but it must only be in those politer regions, *where beaux plume themselves on distressing the fair sex!*—You shall be a man of honour—in that country where they ask a public, and an ignominious acknowledgment of a supposed offender, or his blood in half an hour, and yet after that—*blush not to make the first concession.*—You shall be a man of cool, tho' resolute courage,—where danger is happily precluded by the known interposition of some generous friends.—You shall be a man of strict veracity,—where, after having been mean in one instance, they get over it, by honestly denying the fact in another.

Nay! come back from *Richmond*;—for, however offensive to Colonel *Burgoyne*, you shall even be a SOLDIER still!—But it must be in that arduous service, where FORTS and ARMIES own your friend *Fitz-Gerall's* hereditary government; where they fight with scented quill pop-guns, loaded with *bleu mange*;—whose armour is composed of miniature pictures, and chicken gloves;—who escape the severities of a noxious climate, by an artificial atmosphere of ambrosial essences.

*Clifford's-Inn,*

H. BATE.

*Aug. 9, 1773.*

THE



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THE FOLLOWING

Occasional LETTERS and SQUIBS,

By different WRITERS

On the Subject, appeared in the Course of the Debate,

As here addrest and dated.

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To the PRINTER of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

S I R,

July 31.

YOUR paragraph respecting the late fray at *Vauxhall Gardens*, diverted me more than any thing I have met with for some time. Surely it could not be as I have heard it whispered: Is it possible little *Coly* could conceal himself under the Lady's petticoats all the while? I mean, while the rugged parson, like a mastiff bayed the pressing throng? 'Twas very good upon my word: I admire *Coly's* policy; he could not have got a better bully in the world than a priest; their blows are weighty; he knows that he has experienced them, and lately too.—Was it not great! plume thy feathers, wench, for who but thee could charm two fages from the solemn chair of sophistry, and make them take the cudgel for the pen?—Well, 'tis an ill wind that blows no one any good;—the parson is to write a play—*Coly* is to bring it out—the lady is to play a principal part in it—and the town  
is

is to be diverted with it, as no doubt it will—good luck for the town—some comfort for our theatrical expectations—since there was never a *better* manager than *Coly*—a *better* actresses than the Lady—or a *sublim*er poet than the parson—and I—but don't tell any body—I intend to write them a farce—and what do you think I mean to call it, eh?—perhaps you cannot guess, and so I'll tell you—*The Vaux all Fray*, or a *Peep through the Pocket-hole*—damn'd good, is it not?—don't you think 'twill *take*?—if it don't, the devil *take* the town, I say—perhaps I may take it in my head to send it you in a day or two, and if you don't like it, I'll give you leave to print it without my consent, and take the copy-right out of my hands, in spite of my teeth.

Adieu, your's,

PEEP-O-MALICO.

TO the PRINTER of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Aug. 3.

PEEP-O-MALICO is one of the greatest wits that has ever exhibited in your paper, or indeed in any other; it is pity but his courage was equal to his wit, but where is the man that excels in all things?—He was certainly a party in that entertaining *fracas* which he has immortalized by his pen, and, from his description of *Coly's* fear, seems entirely to understand that sensation and its effects.—The public must be delighted with his proposal to write a farce on the occasion; I have no doubt it will be an admirable performance,

formance, but a more suitable name might be found. Suppose it was to be called, "The Sham Captain thresh'd, or the Feather in disgrace?"—Peep-o-Malico knows what I mean by the Feather—a fitter subject for a farce could never have been chosen; for what can be imagined more truly laughable than to see FIVE Heroes, all men of the sword—men whose very looks might strike terror—picking a quarrel with one poor Parson, and after having each of them challenged him, and sworn, "If all his hairs were lives, their great revenge had stomach for them all;"—what, I say, could be a worthier subject of dramatic ridicule, than their hiring a footman, and dressing him as a gentleman, to stand their champion in this noble cause?

The piece, if Peep-o-Malico does justice to the story, will have an excellence not often met with in such compositions; it will convey some useful lessons—the *Macaroni* tribe may learn from it, "That they should be cautious of hunting a prig, lest they should happen to catch a Tartar," and "that a man of spirit, in a just cause, is superior to a little army of bullies, whether in livery or in lace."—I am, Mr. Printer, I assure you, equally unknown to all the parties of this famous Vauxhall affray, but a much diverted spectator last Friday evening, and

Your very humble servant,

Q.

H

To

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE,

S I R,

Aug. 4.

THE public has been lately much obliged to the literary talents of a Reverend Gentleman, for investigating a difference between himself and an other, founded on a political cause; they are now entertained with one something similar, and equally as important to the world, but formed on a voluptuous one; for what, Sir, can we style a party at *Vauxhall*, an intimate acquaintance with a Lady in a public character, and a display of knight-errantry in her defence, but an offering to the shrine of Pleasure? Our young Clergy, convinced of the ill effects of theological disputes, are contriving some means to soften the austerity of religion; sensible how disgustful subjects of that nature are become to this polite age; they have changed the tedious disquisitions of the fathers, to the more gentle topicks of gallantry and honour. 'Tis true their intention is humane and charitable, worthy the applause of the present rewarders of merit; but methinks (to please the generality of mankind) the transition is rather too rapid. Though Mr. *Bate* did not contemplate, like *Harvey*, the calm delights of a garden, he might have shunned the tumultuous reverse; he might have enjoyed the social converse of a friend, without making himself the partizan of a quarrel; he could have noticed an insult to a Lady, without particularizing himself in an affair which her husband thought uninteresting. Perhaps he was impelled by a warmer motive, and had a deeper sense of her distress than the other gentlemen present; but still he should have considered the badge of his profession, and stifled his resentment to some degree



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 55

degree of stoicism. The world is too apt to judge from such appearance, that priests are juggling with their consciences, that their own example shews the decency and ceremony of religion, is nothing more than a cheat upon them. Great changes are brought about slowly and imperceptibly; men of pleasure will admire the spirit of Mr. *Bate*, but those who are wont to approach a pulpit, will reflect that the old precepts of obedience and humility, are violated by the very hand and tongue that enforced them; they will appeal to their own understandings, and despise the man who attempts to pay so ill a tribute to their memories, and by losing the good opinion of a few, may fail of their salutary designs in general.

These, Sir, are my thoughts upon the subject, which, if you please, you may communicate to the Public, that those who are engaged in Mr. *Bate*'s laudable plan, may avoid those indiscretions he has been guilty of, and by a "cunning working of the scene," descend gradually to a new mode of religion. May they retain the exalted courage of that gentleman, but endeavour to improve on his conduct, is the wish of

Your constant reader,

VERITAS.

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For the MORNING CHRONICLE.

To the Reverend Mr. HENRY BATE.

S I R,

Aug. 5.

I AM sorry to see, in your letter of to-day, that you have allowed Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* any degree of literary reputation. I would not have any man pluck a

single bay-leaf, that does not belong to him; therefore I inform you, that Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* writes, as well as fights, by proxy. His literary substitute is Mr. B——k, Attorney General to the Gazetteer.

I honour your spirit as a man, equally with your abilities as a writer. At the same time I cannot help informing you, that your letters (particularly the last) are generally censured, as too florid and declamatory. This kind of dress is calculated to hide flaws, and varnish over defects, and therefore should properly belong to your antagonist. Yours should be the stern voice of rigid Truth, founded upon stubborn facts. Your case is a good one, and should be enveloped as little as possible. Truth is always painted naked, having no defects to hide, and would make but an indifferent figure in the meretricious ornaments of a modern dress.

I am, Sir, &c.

T. R.

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For the WHITEHALL EVENING POST.

The MACARONIAD;

O R,

The PRIEST TRIUMPHANT.

*Bella, horrida bella!*

V A UXHALL, the scene of joy and fight,  
Where many a doughty gallant wight,  
By drinking dissipates his sense,  
And leaves his vigour and his pence:

And

And when Dame *Decency* retires,  
He minds nor constables nor *Tyers*,  
But boldly flies at whores and lamps,  
For nought a *Macaroni* damps :  
Bunters and fiddlers grace his train,  
From Italy and Drury-lane ;  
Who serve to stimulate the flame,  
And shameless fill the round of shame.

Such is Vauxhall ! and sure of late  
It cannot boast of better state ;  
For certain, ev'ry knave that's willing,  
May get admittance for a shilling ;  
And since *Dan Tyers* doth none prohibit,  
But rather seems to strip each gibbet,  
That *proper company* may grace  
His clean-swept—dirty boxing place,  
There is no wonder that the thief  
Comes here to steal a handkerchief :  
For had you, *Tyers*, each jail ranfack'd,  
Or issu'd an insolvent act,  
Inviting debtors, lords, and thieves,  
To sup beneath your smoke-dry'd leaves,  
And then each knave to kindly cram,  
With fusty chickens, tarts, and ham,  
You had not made such a collection  
For your disgrace and my dissection.

But many ills doth him environ,  
Who madly meddles with a syren ;  
And such *Fitzgiggo's* case was partly,  
For gazing upon Madam *Hartley* :  
To gaze !—or not to gaze ! in fun,  
Fops, fools, and fiddlers are undone.

*Fitzgiggo*

38 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

*Fitzgiggo* foremost let's describe,  
*Memento mori* of the tribe,  
 A thing so meagre and so thin,  
 So full of *emptiness*—and fin,  
 There's nothing comes before—behind,  
 But stinks on wings of his own wind;  
 And yet the thing's so hung with rings,  
 With buckles, baubles, tambour-strings,  
 And so baptiz'd with milk of roses,  
 Which, with his smells, so strike our noses,  
 That ev'ry gentle air that blows,  
 Brings something new unto the nose;  
 As if young *Zeph'rus* was turn'd pilot,  
 To waft the sweets of some poor vi'let,  
 By some unkind mis-hap disgrac'd,  
 And on a putrid dunghill plac'd;  
 So let *Dan Zephyr* do his best,  
 The dunghill makes his sweets a pest.  
 Thus did *Fitzgiggo* gay advance,  
 Like dismal *Death* dress'd out to dance.

The second's call'd great Captain *Crofts*,  
 (Perhaps a rabbit of *Moll Tofts*,)  
 Whose spirit, valour, sense, and mettle,  
 By some's compar'd to a brass kettle.

The next, my friend, tho' last not least,  
 Is *Lyttleton*, the new wild beast,  
 Who fiercer far than that in *Paris*,  
 In pieces tore sweet *Sally Harris*!  
 On him, ye Gods! what charms she lavish'd,  
 And yet *Pomona* too was ravish'd:  
 In ravishment there is a joy  
 Peculiar to the fair and coy;

And



And yet I think, sweet *Sally Harris*,  
If e'er she swerves, or e'er she marries,  
Will find in some a better feature  
Than is about this lank dry'd creature.

These three, I say these mighty Three,  
Did boldly, *boldly* agree  
To give affront (which is not common)  
Unto the sweetest, fairest woman;  
For none possess'd of manners, sense,  
To such a fair could give offence:  
But *Macaronies* are a sex  
Which do philosophers perplex;  
Tho' all the priests of *VENUS*' rites  
Agree they are *Hermaphrodites*.

Therefore this beauty of the stage,  
At once with spirit did engage  
These furious, milky, mawkish three,  
And all who saw her do agree,  
That, had not *BATE*,—himself an host,  
(Who dauntless wields the *Morning Post*)  
Bravely stept forth to save her charms,  
They all had fall'n within her arms.  
As *Sampson* seiz'd the prison-gate,  
In spite and rancour, *Parson BATE*  
So seiz'd the doughty culprits round,  
And sprawling laid them on the ground:  
The paltry, petty heroes lay,  
With eyes, like puppies, seal'd from day;  
Here courage left them in the lurch,  
And huzzas echo'd for the *CHURCH*.

## 60 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY,

For the MORNING POST.

The four following on the same day.

TO GEO.-ROBERT FITZ-GERALL, Esq.

*Salopian Coffee-house, Monday.*

*My dear Bobby Fitz-Gerall,*

YOU have been after getting into the wrong box, do you see now, with this same clargyman; for not satisfied with terrifying you with his bodily strength, for a little peaceable nonsense and sweating at Vauxhall, he now is eternally lapping you with his damn'd great English goose-quill.—But I'll give you a word of advice, my honey, be after stealing a march as soon as you can; and since you may be a little puzzled to answer some of his damn'd logic, which, as a gentleman, you need not be after understanding; why, do you see me, get Capt. *Miles* to swear himself an Irish gentleman, and hire over again *Paddy Murphy*, *Teddy Bughlin*, and *Murd. O'Shoclin*, who waited in the street to get at the parson's coat, to swear it is all a lie about their being hired, and so you'll get out of this damn'd nasty scrape.

From your's to the bottom,

A MILESIAN.

For

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 61

For the MORNING POST.

To Mr. FITZ-GERALL.

A C A R D.

**A**N Officer desires a simple answer to these questions: Whether Mr. *Fitz-Gerall's* conduct is not too infamous for justification even upon his own grounds in his letter of yesterday?

Whether he would have been tempted to a defence but from the generous intimation of Lord *Bristol* and the *Harvey* family, who, peremptorily refuse to see him in future, except the principal of the accusation be proved erroneous?

Whether all the Gentlemen at the Cocoa-tree and St. James's Coffee-house have not, on this occasion, turned their backs upon him?

Whether he has invalidated a tittle of Mr. *Bate's* evidence? on the contrary, whether he does not still appear what he was termed by that spirited gentleman, an *impertinent meddling puppy*? and the whole of his after-conduct favour much of the *poltroon* and assassin?

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

Mr. EDITOR,

By inserting the following you will oblige a constant Reader.

To the Rev. HENRY BATE.

S I R,

**I**N reading your letter to Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, on Monday the 2d of August, I there find a phrase,  
I which

which I cannot altogether agree with you in; you say to Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, "That he tamely submitted to be called an impertinent, meddling Puppy, in the middle of Vauxhall Gardens, (a phrase that would have called forth the resentment of a Grocer's Apprentice.)" Now, Sir, as I have been an admirer of your conduct throughout the whole affray at Vauxhall, you will excuse me, as being in trade, of taking the present liberty, as I imagine you address the public in general.—Therefore, Mr. *Bate*, do you imagine that a Grocer's APPRENTICE, or any mechanical person has not the same passions, the same spirit, and the same resentment, as you, or any other person in a higher sphere of life? and I must acquaint you, Sir, that had you, or any other gentleman, used the former expression to me, I should most certainly have used a proper and becoming spirit on the occasion. Now, Sir, if, in your next letter to the Morning Post, you will allow, that a mechanical person, or Grocer's Apprentice, has the same feelings as you, or any of those Gentlemen concerned in the above affray, you will make me still remain, what I already am, an admirer of your conduct.

*A Grocer's Apprentice.*

*Piccadilly, Tuesday Evening,  
Seven o'Clock.*

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For the MORNING POST.

To the *Petit Maitré à la Macaroni.*

SIR,

IF truth belies me not, you are "an impertinent meddling puppy." Heaven forbid I should merit that



## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 63

that reproachful epithet or stigma! much less take courage to resent it, though justly bestowed. You will not be easy, Mr. *Kickshaw*, till you get yourself into bad bread; and what will you do then? Your premeditated, malignant, villainous, and dastardly conduct must by no means pass off with impunity: Mr. *Bate* would be highly culpable, as a duty he owes to himself and to society, in permitting it. His declared resentment, the offspring of a just indignation, must be put in force, to make you remember how you wantonly abuse any society in future. It is indispensibly necessary, that your Bacchanalian brethren may take warning by the Parson's exemplary punishment.—Because you have a fortune, you are licensed to do as you please, and indulge your wanton and vicious disposition in every thing, be it ever so wicked and opposite to the laws of God and man! If these are your ideas, and this your temper, the sooner you are out of the world the better. I wish reformation to you and your comrades; but, at the same time, am sorry to say, that when the branch of a young tree begins to bend, it is a difficult matter for it to be streightened when it grows old.

Your's, &c.

*Clifford's-Inn Coffee-house,  
Aug. 2.*

A LAYMAN.

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For the MORNING POST, *Friday August 6.*

Mr. EDITOR,

AS the late altercations between the Rev. Mr. *Bate*, and some gentlemen of the laity, at *Vauxhall*,  
I 2
have

have prepossessed the Public to know who is the most censurable; I cannot help (as I happened to be a spectator) giving an impartial and candid account so far as I saw and heard, which was as follows, viz.

As Mr. and Mrs. *Hartley*, the Rev. Mr. *Bate*, with another gentleman or two were innocently enjoying themselves over a few Vauxhall *slices*, while their auricular faculties were ravish'd with the melodious strains from the orchestra, suddenly a violent *squall* of some descendants of Adam (whose occupations might be in the manufactory of *wigs*, for what I can tell, as I never saw any of them before) overset their tranquility, and entirely funk for that night their pleasures to the bottom. The Mariners, however, exerted all their efforts to weather the storm, which I'm afraid they would not have accomplish'd, had not Mr. *Bate* plied his *oar* in so judicious a manner as fairly kept them above water, though he rowed into the very nose of the *squall*. But to be concise,—those gentlemen, the inconsistencies of whose behaviour the Rev. Mr. *Bate* so sensibly delineated, in my opinion were highly reprehensible; if some open remarks and long impertinent starings to discover the exact symmetry of every feature in Mrs. *Hartley's* face in that situation, are to be deem'd so. One of the Macaroni *Antiloguists*, not quite six feet ten inches high, but uncommonly full of garrulity, with a look that would have intimidated a butterfly, thus addressed Mr. *Bate*; “*Parson Bate! Parson Bate, as you are a soul-driver, it would much redound to my dishonour to box you, and as I believe you would thrash me were you to try, I will not attempt it; but you may be assured I shall procure one, who will wallop you to your heart's content. the first time he meets you.*” By this request Mr. *Bate* gave them directions where he was to be found,

found, and as to the result, he has candidly laid it open to the public in this paper before; it would therefore be unnecessary to quote it again.

Upon the whole, I hope every impartial person will acquiesce with me, that the Rev. Mr. *Bate* acted the part of a *man*, by heroically frustrating the designs of those that certainly attempted to break a very material part of the Tenth Commandment.

*An Impartial Spectator.*

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

*Aug. 6.*

**M**R. BATE having this day published a narrative of the affray at Vauxhall, the public therefore have a right to make their remarks on it. I shall observe then, that I don't in the least doubt the veracity of it in any one particular, for these reasons; first, it is attested with his name, and an appeal to the parties concerned, secondly, the signature wears the name of a man who has acted *nobly*, in shewing a nice sense of honour, and a man of nice honour *scorns a lie*. Having so far premised, what must we think of the *military gentlemen*, in drawing up their *brazen artillery* to attack a *woman*, and *stare* her out of countenance? The answer is plain; that for their *rude behaviour* to our *theatrical Shore*, they are undeserving of the name of Gentlemen, in *poorly daring to insult a woman*. Mr. BATE (like a *Dumont*) protected her, and every man of honour must applaud him for the part he acted. He was ready to give them either *gentleman or ungentlemanlike satisfaction*, and to shew there was a *poetical justice*

justice in the conclusion of this piece; the person who was himself *no gentleman* (the boxing *Capt. Miles*) met with *ungentlemanlike satisfaction*: I am only sorry that the servant received the wages which were so properly *due to the master*, and that the master was beat by *proxy*. But there is one point particularly wants clearing up, and the *worthy triumvirate* are publicly called upon to answer these questions. Was not *Capt. Miles* a *counterfeit man of war*, and *no soldier* (as *Brainworm* says); or, in plain English, was he not either *Mr. Fitz-Gerall's* servant, or a person employed to fight for him and the party? Did not *Capt. Crofts* challenge *Mr. Bate* at the coffee-house, to try his courage, with an intent, if he was found wanting therein, to *expose him as a coward*? And, lastly, was not the introducing of the supposed *Capt. Miles* at the same time, peremptorily insisting, that *Mr. Bate* should fight him first; a scheme planned to *secure a retreat to Capt. Crofts*, if *Mr. Bate* accepted his challenge? Should this be the case, it is making courage, as it were, a game at *Brag*; and the Captain was bragging with *Pam in hand*, for there was a knave secured in his favour, being determined not to *sleep with his forefathers*, but to *sleep in a whole skin*. An answer therefore is necessary, to remove a stigma, which silence on this head will construe in the affirmative.

Your's,

AN OCCASIONAL WRITER.

P. S. I am an entire stranger to *Mr. Bate*, but will advise him, as a clergyman, against duelling in future; though, in my opinion, when he is insulted, he has a right to make use of those weapons which Nature (that is to say, the God of Nature) has armed him with.

To



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 67

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

S I R,

August 7,

THE conclusion of *Fitz-Gerall's* reply having made its appearance in this day's *Gazetteer*, I will venture to say that it is the weakest defence I ever saw; and had a premium been offered for the most foolish productions of the daily papers, the *Gazetteer* would have carried off the prize *nem. con.* To prove this, what can be more weak and ridiculous than his tale about Mr. *Foote's* poppets; or more infamous than that a man (pardon the *misnomer*) who bears a commission under the king, should even bribe his footman to do that which he was afraid to do himself; that is, fight Mr. *Bate*. This was not only an affront to that gentleman, by putting his footman on a level with him, but to the army in general, in equipping a man with military vestments, cockade, &c. that was a disgrace to it, and could be equalled in infamy only by his master. But to return to Mr. *Foote's* poppets:—Though it is well known that Mr. *Foote* does not love fighting himself, I am of opinion he admires that spirit so much in others, he would not even keep a poppet in his pay, that would turn his back on Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*; whom, for his pusillanimous behaviour in this affair, I shall characterise as a kind of *mandrake* tottering under the mighty load of a cockade, like the poppy percharged with the morning dew. I shall only say, Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* in both his letters seems very desirous of having the *Bishop of London* for his second, as well knowing that the sword, pistol, and hammer of death, form no part of his Lordship's *camp equipage*; and, should Mr. *Bate* make his appearance, that he could squat entrenched behind his

Grace's

Grace's *Church Bible*: but I am afraid he will meet with very little relief from this quarter—for his crime is of so atrocious a nature, that he is not entitled to the *Benefit of clergy*.

SCOURGE.

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For the MORNING POST.

To the insignificant Mr. Fitz-Gerall.

SIR,

August 7,

**I**N the preamble to your defence, you intimate, that the impartial public will find, that your conduct to Mr. *Bate* in the late *fracas*, has been not only that of a *Gentleman* and *Man of Honour*, but of a *Real Friend*. Now, Sir, as I cannot trace the least glimpse of any one of those characters through your whole narrative, I am apt to conceive some errata have been committed to the press.

I have therefore taken the liberty to read for a *Gentleman*—a noisy *coxcomb*; for a *Man of Honour*—an *Assassin*; and for a *Real Friend*—oh mon Dieu!—a *Villain*. Indeed, Master *Bobby*, you have discovered so infamous an heart, that the philosophic eye cannot but drop a pitying tear for the depravity of human nature. Thanks to the Rev. Clergyman for having put his mark upon you. The unwary may now avoid you as a noxious reptile; and the discerning despise you as an infamous scoundrel. There is little doubt but the *bastinado* would be of service to you; and as I've your amendment much at heart, the first time you give me a gentleman-like opportunity, I will serve you as my grandfather did Capt. Bobadil.

I will

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 69

I will wait for no eclarcissement of the matter: *A Blow and a Word* is my motto.

YOUNG DOWNRIGHT.

St. James's Coffee-house.

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TO the PRINTER of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

S I R,

Aug. 7.

SINCE I have had a douse of the chops given me by a satirical rogue in your paper of last Tuesday, pray give me room, while my blood is up, to take a fair knock at him in return; he shall have it, d—n me! in the true Batenian style. Oh, oh! Mr. Q in the Corner, you've taken it into your head to shew your tail at last; I have often heard of Q in the corner, and was always told it was an ugly thing with a long tail; but you are a plaguy fool for shewing your head, and opening your mouth: any body may see it is but a *block-head*, a mere mechanical *wooden head*; and I dare say the first knock that I shall hit it, 'twill sound like an empty pumkin, brainless and light;—and so you are in the *queue*, for writing, eh? have at you then, and see if I don't set you upon your head;—there, take that—there's a cross buttock for you, ☺. I told you I could turn you topsy-turvy in a minute. What a contemptible figure you cut now!—*Coly* looked not worse when he *peep'd thro' the pocket hole*; nor the Parson when he was popp'd in the pond, and pelted from the purlieus of Prittlewell, in Essex. You say you know him not; that is another proof of your having a *wooden head*; for who but a *block-head* would have exposed his tail in defence of a superficial paragraph-maker; one that has been scribbling these seven years in oblivion, writing

K

70 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

ting abuse for the sake of popularity, and has often been about to hang himself, that he never could extort an answer.—Without a blush, he has addressed the Muses too; but they with indignation turned their backs; Apollo refused to beam one ray upon him, and Pegasus would have kicked his brains out for daring to ride, had not Hercules interfered, and snatched him from despair, advised him to lay down his pen, take up his fist, fix upon the first coward he could meet with, and *that way* fight his way to fame; and *that way* the parson has succeeded. And so, Mr. Q, you would advise me to change the title of my farce; but when you know me better, you will find me a man who never takes a fool's advice; I shall give it you under the title I have proposed; *The Vauxhall Fray*; or, *A Peep through the Pocket Hole*; I am about the last scene, and you shall have it forthwith; till when, I am your's,

PEEP-O-MALICO.

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The following was seen in the MORNING POST of the same day.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that the Hon. Mr. Littleton and Mr. Fitz-Gerall are preparing for their travels, the former going to make further *discoveries*, if possible, on the continent; the latter returning for the *benefit of his health*, to his native country.

And this in the St. JAMES'S CHRONICLE of the same Evening.

It is supposed, that the Macaronies, who occasioned the Vauxhall squabble, were deluded into that scrape by the notion that Mr. Bate was a wonderful bruiser;



## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 71

bruiser; they should not otherwise have acted the cowardly part which their conduct discovers. The loss of an eye or a fore-tooth, or a bruise in the face, is worse than death to a Macaroni; but in an excursion to *Bagshot*, or an adventure in a *saw-pit*, none are more ready; for not one of the whole fraternity ever feared in a quarrel, that you should blow out his brains.

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TO the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

S I R,

Aug. 9.

MR. FITZ-GERALL being convicted yesterday, on his own confession in the public papers, of *infamously* employing his footman to fight Mr. Bate, under the disguise of a gentleman in the army, Mr. Lyttleton (for I will not call him the Honourable, till this point is determined) and Capt. Crofts are *publicly called upon* to answer this question, Were they, or were they not, separately or collectively, privy to the above *disgraceful* scheme? It lies particularly on Capt. Crofts to make a reply, or it will confirm the opinion of the town, that when he gave a challenge to Mr. Bate, he had taken care to secure his own person, by providing a *substitute to fight for him*.— Their answer will enable the public to bestow on them their proper epithets; and their silence deemed a testimony of their guilt.

JUSTITIA.

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The same Day these Paragraphs appeared in the same.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us, that the *Macaroni Club* have had a meeting on the piteous situation

of their brother member Mr. Fitz-Gerall, and have unanimously resolved to advise that unfortunate *petit maitre* to appear *only* in petticoats at Vauxhall for the remainder of the season, as the most likely method of escaping the chastisement due for his late unmanly and senseless conduct. The pretty creature (*his snow-white bosom decorated with the miniature resemblance of his own sweet person,*) may then tread in perfect security the delightful walks of that enchanting spot, in company with his equally gallant associates, Capt. MILES, Capt. Crofts, and Mr. Lyttleton, &c.

A Correspondent thinks it would not be entirely unnecessary to insert the following short sketch, lest those who do not much resort to public places, should be ignorant of the *manly* personage of Mr. Fitz-Gerall. He may be easily distinguished from the rest of the noble order, by the following extraordinary piece of *Macaroniship*: Sweet Fitz wears two watches!—Sweet Fitz has nine seals to each!—Heavens! what could not such a sweet creature perform!

The Paragraph beneath is taken from the LONDON PACKET of the same evening.

A CORRESPONDENT says, that Capt. Crofts' letter in yesterday's *Gazetteer*, breathes an air of harshness which the military are but too apt to assume in the room of candour and gentleman-like civility. When an officer talks or writes to a clergyman, or, indeed any man of a civil profession, he should surely aim at a placid, inoffensive style, and forget the haughty language of a young ensign to a corporal in a garrison. To tell a clergyman, that his agreeing to fight a man with a cockade in his hat, was the first instance of his gentleman-like behaviour, is a very gross insult to the dignity of the cloth in general; the clerical gown is supposed

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 73

supposed to be of itself an infallible token of the gentility of the person who wears it. The bravado, at the conclusion of the letter, in the words, "I, Sir, am a soldier, and look equally with an eye of contempt at the mischief of a monkey, and the malice of a monk," is equally *Bobadilian* and paradoxical: Does Capt. Crofts mean his friend Fitz-Gerall by the monkey; since the Papers have said he dresses so like one of those animals whose mischievous qualities he seems fully to possess? It is evident that Mr. Bate acts openly, if he acts absurdly; he has neither the malice of a *Monk*, nor the frigid caution which characterizes that order.

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

By inserting the following letter you will very much oblige a constant reader.

To GEO.-ROBERT FITZ-GERALL, and  
WILLIAM CROFTS, Esqrs.

GENTLEMEN,

**Y**OUR behaviour concerning the Vauxhall affray has not only made you more contemptible in the eyes of the public than you really were before, but has likewise shown a meanness in you, which I think impossible to be paralleled. You, Mr. Fitz-Gerall, I principally address, as having acted inconsistent both with the character of a soldier and a man of honour. Your behaviour, Sir, was more like that of an assassin than of a gentleman, to come to a person's chambers at the dead of night, armed, and along with a set of ruffians, who, no doubt, if you could have drawn  
Mr.

Mr. *Bate* from his bed with feigned pretences, were to have assisted you in your black purpose.—Your bringing your own footman, in the habit of a military gentleman, and imposing him as such upon Mr. *Bate*, under a feigned pretence that he was affronted by Mr. *Bate* at Vauxhall, will *that*, Mr. Fitz-Gerall, (as you express in your letter) bear the uniform stamp of the gentleman, or the man of honour; and, if rightly considered by Mr. *Bate* himself, the real friend?—No, Sir; it will only bear the uniform stamp of a villain; and in no other light can I look on the man who, because he was afraid to vindicate the cause he had unjustly espoused, brought his own footman to undergo the chastisement he himself so justly merited. You, Mr. *Crofts* and Mr. *Lyttleton*, must have been acquainted with the whole; it must have been a concerted scheme; for, after you found Mr. *Bate* had spirit enough to give you the satisfaction you required, you meanly, while Mr. *Bate* was engaged in a talk with Mr. *Fitz Gerall* and *his friend* Captain *Miles*, (only fit for each other's company) retired to a corner of the room, and proposed making up the affair amicably: how far different this behaviour was to the letter you sent at two o'clock in the morning, I leave the public to the reference of the Morning Post for.—Neither could I, was I Mr. *Bate*, have sat down tacitly, and not have called you both to account, both being privy to it, although the former affair was amicably cancelled; and how Mr. *Lyttleton* could have the effrontery to ask Mr. *Bate* home to dinner with him, being sensible, as he certainly must, that he had acted to a man of honour with such impropriety, is to me most astonishing.—If Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, or any of the Gentlemen concerned, can vindicate themselves against the above charges, I shall be quite happy to find I have been mistaken in their real characters.

W——.

Piccadilly.



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For the PUBLIC LEDGER.

To Mr. FITZ-GERALL.

S I R,

Monday, Aug. 9.

Y O U, and your reverend adversary have appealed to the Public, as if they were interested in your disputes, or as if a quarrel between two obscure individuals (of little consequence to society, and not very respectable) was an event of importance to the whole human race.

Such vanity I can easily pardon, but when it is accompanied with an impudent and avowed insult, with a violation of that decency and respect which are due to the military, I hold it deserving of the severest censure; and since you have submitted your conduct to the tribunal of the Public, I shall examine it with great freedom, but not I assure you without candour.

As to the Priest, I shall leave him to contemplate the disgraceful consequences of an impertinent and officious interposition. The husband of the woman (who by the bye appears to have been too squeamish, considering her station in life) *only* was obligated to take cognizance of your rudeness, and in *his* absence, her two friends who accompanied her to Vauxhall, were the properest persons to chastise your insolence; but Priests, in all ages, and of every community, have been distinguished and despised for their officiousness, and the conduct of this Reverend Gentlemen affords me a sufficient reason why I should leave him to his reflections.

Your giving the rank of *Captain* to your livery servant, is the occasion of this letter; and though  
you

you may possibly find an excuse for every other part of your behaviour, I am fully persuaded, Sir, you will not be able to justify the liberty which you have taken with the Gentlemen of the army upon this occasion.

The military will not thank you for reducing them to a level with your domestic, and after declaring that your respect for the Church prevented *your* punishing your adversary, it is somewhat extraordinary that the only instance you give of your respect for religion, was the greatest indignity you could possibly offer to it! This circumstance I protest is rather unlucky. It is a certificate of your country, but neither a proof of your courage nor humanity.

How unfortunate it is, that in almost every transaction you prove yourself a native of Hibernia! Let us now, Sir, proceed to particulars.—You became engaged in a riot at Vauxhall, but not principally. The parties who were immediately concerned agreed to meet, and that meeting was at a Coffee-house. While they, attended by their seconds, were settling the dispute, your servant, with an assumed name and rank, demanded satisfaction for a pretended insult, and upon this occasion you acted in your favourite character of a *Mediator*, by assuring the Parson, that Capt. Miles was so passionate, that if he was admitted, he might beat him with uncommon fury. I will pass over the indignity offered to the army, and leave the Military to correct your insolence: they are very capable of doing it, and I have no doubt but they will take notice of the favour you have done them. I come now, Sir, to consider you in the character of a Gentleman: When you officiously entered the room at the Coffee-house, to inform Mr. Bate that  
a Capt.

Capt. *Miles*, whom he had insulted, was below, did it not occur to you, that you was guilty of a premeditated falsehood, at all times unworthy of a Gentleman, and particularly in this instance? And was it from that confusion of ideas so common to your countrymen, that you blended the character of an *Officer* with that of a *Bravo*?

Shame upon such baseness! By your letter of to-day, you speak of Gentlemen that are BORN to command fleets and armies—BORN to command fleets and armies! Good Heavens!

I presume, Sir, you imagine the ranks of Admiral and General are hereditary, and that the son of either must succeed to the honours of the father, though it is very possible this son might be an arrant Coward, and a consummate Blockhead! The fate of a Nation so unfortunately circumstanced would be as precarious, as if you was at the head of a Fleet or Army.—A misfortune which I trust to God will never happen to us! I have one more remark to make, viz. the impropriety of a drunken man going at one o'clock in the morning to reason with his antagonist, attended by three more. The late hour, and your different situations amount, Sir, to a presumption, that with this auxiliary aid you meant to accomplish what your servant was on trial found incapable of. To me, your intentions appear to have been hostile; and the difficulty, not to say impossibility of proving yourself a Gentleman, and a man of honour, is manifest in the confusion and perplexity which appear throughout the whole of a laborious defence, neither plausible nor free from grammatical errors. As to Capt. *Crofts*, was I not assured he had been in the army, I should have concluded by his letter to Mr. *Bate*, that he was the Editor of the Gazette, or that a

Statute of Bankruptcy had lately been issued against him; and if he was in the secret, as you assert he was, of giving the title of Captain to a Bravo, I shall yet doubt the reality of his Military character.

As to Mr. *Lyttleton*, out of respect to his venerable and virtuous father, I shall remain silent; I will not add to the anxiety of an aged and unhappy father, already depressed with grief and sorrow for the Vices of a dissipated Son.

ALCIBIADES.

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For the MORNING POST.

To Mr. F O O T E.

S I R,

August 10.

YOU surely cannot suffer such indignity to be offered with impunity to your wooden bantlings—their creation caused you pleasure—and their first symptoms of animation were employed in begging for their Papa—their legitimacy never can be questioned. Who can doubt of their belonging to the *timbertoe* family?—And now Mr. *Foot*, will you permit poor *Punch*, after the fatigues of his campaign, to be pulled from his dormitory, and exposed to the fury of the *Church Militant*? St. Patrick's cross now “mocks the air with idle state,” and not Jerusalem but the Haymarket is to be the scene of holy confusion, and pious murder. I reflect that similar contests have heretofore shook the thrones of Asiatick Princes,—rely not on the strength of man!—the valour of giantick might—or the light troops of the immortal *Bayes*, even though they were led on by the redoubted



redoubted Capt. *Crofts*—Reject the *Shilelah* alliance, unworthy of your *English Oak*, and adhere to those truly Machiavalian principles of sound politicks—no money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up—nor any person upon any account to be admitted behind the scenes.—Beware, Sir! nothing, however extraordinary, is impossible to a man of Mr. *Lyttleton's* abilities if he gains *entrance*; be not surprised at finding *Piety in Pattens with a p—x*, and *Punch* with a bloody nose;—reflect on the personages who have dared to sport with your family—Mr. *L—n*, the disgrace of English nobility, the scetid sink of vice, purveys for the debauches of this select set—Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, that essence of nothing!—that expatriated wasp—has already been depicted by *Captain Doctor Bate*—and poor *Bubble Crofts*, who lugged into the company for the sake of his 14,000*l.* note, and into the quarrel for his Captainship, narrowly escaped the fire in procuring a chefnut for the amiable Mr. *Lyttleton*.

Such a triplet can you tell,  
Where to meet on this side Hell!

Such is the respectable triumvirate, which, after proclaiming open war with decency, and setting all morality at defiance, attacks your innocent family, and resolves on the pollution and contusion, beyond the skill of the most able carpenter, of your harmless, defenceless Mr. BATE.

I have just learned, that, in case you preserve neutrality, the junto have, for want of *puppets*, hired *blockheads*, and engaged the Captains *O'Byrne* and *O'Fagan*, two gentlemen of approved courage and abilities, as succedaneums for Mr. *Punch*, and *Bob*

the Butler:—And Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* has bespoke another pair of cestused pair of *Vauxhall* gloves for their armament.—

AMATEUR DE MARRIONETTES, Cocoa-Tree.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

I AM one of that impartial Public who so heartily concur in applauding Mr. *Bate* for the great spirit and propriety with which he has conducted himself towards those insolent Macaronies, who dared to offend him, in the face of the world, in a manner so diametrically opposite to every sentiment of honour and honesty. It is not my present purpose to canvass this matter; the investigation it has already gone through, sufficiently evinces Mr. *Bate* to be really the gentleman, and the man of honour; and that his greatest misfortune has been, having to do with persons so totally devoid of every quality requisite to the constituting either of those characters.—Nothing remains to be said on this subject that can increase Mr. *Bate's* merit, or the infamy and disgrace of his opponents. I defy either his, or any other pen, to add to that universal odium which they have so effectually procured to themselves; and therefore I hope, and doubt not, Mr. *Bate* will treat the letter addressed to him in a paper of this day by Mr. *Crestes*, with that silent contempt so justly due to it.

“ For where no honour's to be gain'd,

“ 'Tis thrown away by being maintain'd.”

And as to punishing these myrmidons \* with words, it is not possible; we must of necessity conclude them

\* A name sufficiently applicable, considering the very seasonable visit paid Mr. *B*—— by them.

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 81

long since lost to every feeling of humanity, or they never could, with that unparalleled effrontery, have made a public avowal of the scandalous and unwarrantable imposture put upon Mr. *Bate*, at the Turk's-head Coffee-house; for which however it seems he has an argument in store that will convince the facetious gentleman who makes his boast of it, of his error; "for boys and brutes are only taught by blows;" and I make no doubt but this *doughty* gentleman's back will be found, upon the application of a cane, to enjoy a more delicate sensation than his heart.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader, and

A DESPISER of POLTROONS.

*Richmond Coffee-House,  
Monday night, Aug. 9.*

The Paragraphs following came forth in the MORNING CHRONICLE of *Wednesday, August 11.*

IT is strongly reported, that a friendship, which will probably be of duration, has commenced between a certain foppish Knight, now invested with an office of some consequence to the city of London and county of Middlesex, and the fribbling, parson-searing Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, founded on a fellow-feeling for each other. The Knight is beyond conception rejoiced that there is in the creation as abject a coward as himself; has therefore communicated to Mr. *F.* his readiness to accompany the Rev. Mr. *Bate* to Tyburn in his public character, if the said *B.* should be convicted of maiming and defacing, with an intention to kill, before his shrievalty expires.

Now

Now we see the *denouement* of the petit piece of Vauxhall, (which had like to have turned out a deep Tragedy, if not to the great actress, to the reverend, sensible, and spirited actor under her, and to some of the spectators) we surely cannot be at a loss to determine that the Parson behaved well, as a *bruiser* and defender of the fair, but ill as a *parson* and lecturer of others; as parsons, like cobblers, should not go beyond their *last* or text;

For, if Clobber-like, the Parson will fight or get drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all nothing, but leather and Prunella.

It is therefore hoped this will be a lesson to all parsons to stick to their texts, and not ramble again to public places, not even with gods or goddesses either of the stage, pit, or gallery.

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

To the OFFICERS of MARCHING-  
REGIMENTS *only*.

GENTLEMEN,

Your answering the following questions impartially, will oblige the Public; and, it is hoped, be of no prejudice to the respectable part of the army in which you serve.

**I**F any commissioned officer whatever, belonging to any of his Majesty's marching regiments had been privy to, and suffered any of his acquaintance to introduce



## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 83

roduce a livery-servant under the title of *gentleman and an officer*, to act as a bravo.—

Would the gentlemen serving in the same corps have done duty, or ranked with him after such behaviour?

Would they not have insisted on his being tried by a Court-Martial for ungentleman-like behaviour?

Would not all of you (if you knew the man, and had been informed of his having acted as above) have shunned and despised him, and thought it a disgrace to be seen in his company?

Aug. 9.

NO SOLDIER.

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For the MORNING POST.

A C A R D.

SEVERAL Gentlemen of the Army present their compliments to Capt. *Crofts*, the *Soldier*, and request to know whether he really is one or not? because they have heard that he was REQUESTED to leave the army, for fear it should hurt his constitution. But, if that is as great a lie as his having any intention of fighting Mr. *Bate*, they now REQUEST he would resign, as they are determined never to rank in the army with him in future.

BOBADIL and Co.

To

## 84 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you a SKETCH as under, of a late affair, which, if well executed, would pay the artist for his trouble, and meet with a ready sale. I hope, therefore, the PENCIL will follow the traces of the PEN; that, by their joint assistance, men may be held up to public scorn, who are so highly deserving of public censure.

Your's,

INVENTOR.

### A CARICATURE.

TITLE.

FRIBBLE and FLASH in Alliance;  
OR,  
The MILITARY disgraced, and  
The CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

*"Cedunt Arma Togæ."*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Fitz-Gerall in the character of FRIBBLE,  
Label—"Challenge him, Captain, my man shall  
fight for us both."

Capt.

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 85

Capt. Crofts in the character of FLASH,

Label——“ *Sir, your character is misrepresented, I did not think you would fight.*”

The Hon. Mr. Lyttleton in the character of The  
PRODIGAL SON,

Label——“ *Father, I am no more worthy to be called  
thy son.*”

The Rev. Mr. Bate in a BROUGHTONIAN AT-  
TITUDE,

Label——“ *Sound doctrine, knock-you-down Argu-  
ments.*”

Footman dressed as an OFFICER,

Label——“ *D——n this short coat of my Master's,  
it is only fit for a monkey.*”

SCENE.—A Coffee-house.

ATTENDANTS.—Three Irish chairmen waiting  
in the Street,

Labels——ALL HIRED.

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For the MORNING POST.

To the Rev. Mr. BATE.

SIR,

AS I see by the papers, that you mean to carry a  
stick for the correction of Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, being na-  
turally very humane, I would entreat you to alter the  
M mode

86 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

mode of your correction, and, instead of a stick, to carry a good birch rod, as I think that by much the fittest implement for Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, and what I am sure his friend Mr. *Lyttleton* will recommend, HE being particularly acquainted with the virtue of it, as can be proved by most of the w\*\*\*\*\* on this town.

I am, Sir,

An Admirer of your Spirit,

LE FOÜET:

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

August 10, 1773.

SURRY, }  
to wit. }

SIR,

IN your paper, some few days since, there appeared a letter under the signature of GEORGE-ROBERT FITZ-GERALL, (addressed to the Rev. Mr. HENRY BATE.)—We have never heard of any *such* person as GEORGE-ROBERT FITZ-GERALL;—if you mean GEORGE-ROBERT FITZ-GERALD, who continued but a short time with us after his retreat from his apartments in the borough of South-wark, *we have heard enough of HIM.*

Yours, &c.

NO ASSASSIN.

For



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 87

For the MORNING POST.

A C A R D.

MR. BATE's compliments to the EDITOR, and begs leave, through the channel of the *Morning Post*, to inform the Public, whose patience he is afraid he has already tired in this dispute, that the moment Mess. *Tateham* and *Dawes* come to town, (who were present at the dastardly meeting at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in which the *Captains CROFTES* and *FITS-GERALL* cut so capital a figure), their distinct evidence will be given in this Paper, in direct opposition to those scandalously FALSE, and childish evasions made use of by the contemptible Mr. *Croftes*, in yesterday's *Gazetteer*.

*Clifford's-Inn,*  
*Thursday, Aug. 10.*

\* \* \* *The impatience of the Public has been such, that the publication of this pamphlet could not be retarded, in order to wait for the testimony of the gentlemen mentioned in Mr. BATE's card. However, as we suppose it can only be a confirmation of his own candid narrative, already universally admitted, the omission of it here, we hope, will not be judged of any very material consequence.*

T H E E N D.

OR, MAGARONIES DEFEATED.

For the Magazine Post, &c.  
A. C. A. R. D.

MR. HATE's complaint, as the Editor, and  
begs leave, through the channel of the Magazine Post,  
to inform the Public, whose presence he is afraid he  
has already tired in this subject, that the morning  
Messrs. Tatham and Davis come to town, (who were  
present at the dabbled meeting at the Town's Hall  
Coffee-house, in which the Eastern Crotchet and  
First-Gammatist set to singing a hymn) - their singing  
evidence will be given in this Paper, in direct opposi-  
tion to those (un)friendly tales, and childish con-  
fessions made up of by the contemptible Mr. Crotchet, in  
yesterday's Gazette.

Clerical-Lan.

Thurs. Sep. 10.

\* The importance of the Public, and how far the  
publication of this pamphlet would be relevant, is not  
the subject for the testimony of the gentleman in question,  
in this Paper's case. It is not, as the gentleman in question  
could be a competent witness of his own character and conduct, or  
unimpeachably accurate, the subject of a trial, or  
it will be found that my own words are true.

T H E E N D.

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# A P P E N D I X.

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Mr. D A W E S, in answer to Mr. B A T E's Card.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

S I R,

**T**HAT I may not appear presuming on the Public at large, or on private persons in particular, I shall answer the call of Mr. *Bate*, in Wednesday's paper (which by chance I perused in the country), with the utmost deliberation; nor can I help preceding the material part of this letter, by saying, That I am extremely sorry to come before the Public, to confirm what Mr. *Bate* has, in the course of his address, already sufficiently announced for truth, respecting his conduct in a matter generally understood by the *Vauxhall Affray*;—the more so, because the little I have to say must be the truth.—That truth will, in a great measure, contradict what has been hastily advanced by Capt. *Croftes*, and the conclusion will then be, that one of us *is wrong*; expressed, perhaps, by one of those names which Mr. *Bate* has given Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, in his last letter. But however harsh that epithet may be to those that deserve it, on my own part, I shall chase the idea beyond the reach of thought, and, as far as remembrance will admit, recite impartial facts, which indeed, I would never condescend to do in a public newspaper,

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was

was it not to convince Mr. *Bate* of my attention to a call of his, that respected a justification of his veracity. Indeed, I may say, the task is no less due to Captain *Croftes* and Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, than to him; for, like the moon, who shines by a borrowed light, they owe their present lustre to his pen, and take a consequence which nothing but his resolution and courage could afford them.

As I have no point to carry,—no view to serve, nor wish to gratify, further than becomes the gentleman, (a stranger to the majority of parties) I flatter myself, nothing from me can be deemed a wilful offence to either; since, by the public desire of a friend, I now have no other alternative but to speak the truth, or remain wholly silent.—The former, I hope never to corrupt; and the latter, in this case, I should most willingly prefer, if I had the opportunity. But, however, as it is, I reluctantly proceed to particulars, as follows; not without hopes that the reader will observe, while I study to give no cause of complaint to any one in particular, I exert but common civility in declaring what I know.

Before I come to a relation of what passed in the private room at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, I must take leave to correct that part of Mr. *Bate's* case, where he says, "On my hearing of the dispute in question, I sent in my name, and begged to attend him through it;" for the fact is, on being told accidentally, that Mr. *Bate* was to meet a Capt. *Croftes* (a copy of whose challenge I had read) in the bruising way, I called at the above Coffee-house, more with an intention to prevent any vulgar consequences, than officiously to act a secondary part in any honourable decision of a dispute of which I was totally ignorant, except from a partial recital; and so trifling did



did I hold the nature of the subject, that I treated it with a laugh, till after waiting an hour in company with Mr. *Bate* and another gentleman, it was rendered somewhat serious, by Mr. *Bate*'s intimation that a duel was expected, and by the solemn appearance of Captain *Croftes* and Mr. *Lyttleton*, who were very politely received.

After the common civilities were passed, Captain *Croftes* said, he supposed that Mr. *Bate* knew the business he came about.—To which Mr. *Bate* replied, —If the sentiments contained in the challenge of Mr. *Croftes* were really his own, (beginning, like a Bankrupt's advertisement, with a *Whereas*, and ending in the voice of a common Cryer, *This is to give notice*) he certainly did; and that if he was in earnest, it remained with him to put his threats in execution.—Here Mr. *Lyttleton* interfered in the way already stated. Then Capt. *Croftes* declared, that Mr. *Bate* appeared too strong for him, and that he would meet him as a Gentleman immediately. On which Mr. *Bate*, after some conversation on the inconsistency of ending the quarrel in a military way, said, That if Captain *Croftes* would wave his letter, which placed him below the character of a man of honour, he would prevent further trouble, and go out with him upon his own terms.—In answer to this, Captain *Croftes* expressed himself with a coolness, (*not now to be wondered at*) thus: “Sir, (meaning Mr. *Bate*) your behaviour is polite and genteel, and I beg your pardon for having placed you in the station of a “bruiser.” Weapons were then named, and Mr. *Lyttleton* and I were appointed (to me unpleasant enough) as seconds to procure pistols, a carriage, and a surgeon; and we were in the very act of leaving the room for these purposes, but were, in an ex-

traordinary way indeed, intercepted by a gentleman, (Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*) who entered the room with his hat on, and violence in his face, demanding aloud, (without addressing himself to any one of the company) satisfaction for his friend, and *three* or *four* more in the coffee-room; which undoubtedly brought surprize on every brow, except those who expected the visit, if any there were; and led me particularly to address Mr. *Lyttleton* on the impropriety of the request, saying, That as I understood, the offence supposed was aggregate, and not individual, I thought the going out with one, was deciding differences for the whole; not knowing at this time, that a vamp'd up servant was *the friend*, and that the stream of honour was calculated to be diverted from its course, in order that the battle might turn on the feculence of servility.

These observations of mine were approved of by Capt. *Croftes* and Mr. *Lyttleton*, who appeared to be highly offended at the behaviour of Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, but *Tenax propofoli* was his motto, inexorable to every rational request, even from his own acquaintance; so that finding Mr. *Bate* was thus unfortunately circumscribed, and from a belief that some concerted scheme had, in a private conventicle, been formed to do him an injury; I thought it best to end the original matter amicably, and thereby put an end to the whole, in a way to avoid risking the loss of Mr. *Bate's* preferment as a clergyman, in defence of his honour, and to leave unimpeached in his adversaries their fame and prowess; but heartily do I lament the sequel, because, without intruding an opinion of my own on the whole farce, (for I see it now in no other light) while the scale of courage and truth preponderates in favour of the former, it adds nothing to  
the

the characters of the latter; and so little ought it to dwell in thought, that I confess, the description itself is hurtful;—but I am obliged, and must speak.

I therefore again addressed Mr. *Lyttleton*, and declared, that if Capt. *Croftes* would confess (what Mr. *Lyttleton* more than once admitted) that his behaviour had been rude to Mr. *Bate*, who behaved like a man of spirit in defence of a lady; that then Mr. *Bate* should express himself sorry for any passionate words spoke by him; such as wringing by the nose, which in the course of the dispute, when illiberal language was on both sides exchanged, had accidentally escaped him: this proposal at the joint instance of myself and Mr. *Lyttleton* was with some difficulty on the part of Mr. *Bate*, complied with; and according to my recollection, he and Captain *Croftes* then shook hands, and spoke as follows:

*Mr. Croftes to Mr. Bate.*] “ Your behaviour was  
“ spirited and manly, in defence of Mrs. Hartley,  
“ whose pardon I begged in person, if I had offended  
“ her. You have to-day convinced me, you are a  
“ gentleman, and had not your character been mis-  
“ represented, I never should have wrote to you as  
“ I did.”

*Mr. Bate to Mr. Croftes.*] “ I am sorry, that any  
“ improper words fell from my lips; many whereof  
“ alledged by you to have been uttered by me, I do  
“ not remember; but if any there were, they  
“ proceeded from heat of temper; and now, from  
“ your declaration, I repeat, that I am sorry for  
“ them.”

Here Capt. *Croftes* (still hold of Mr. *Bate*'s hand) urged the word Pardon, but I verily believe, no such word was mentioned; for I particularly remember, that Mr. *Bate* said, such an expression implied an offence,

fence, which by him had never wantonly or otherwise been committed. The matter therefore concluded in the style of *Lockit* and *Peachum*, with a confession, at the intercession of their friends, that each was wrong; then a glass of generous port dissipated their animosity; and like the sun, gave cheerfulness to all around, leaving Mr. *Bate* and Capt. *Croftes* perfect friends: the last of whom went immediately away, and left the former with the rest of his company, to go through, and be witnesses of a scene (then in embryo) which has been already related, and which reflects too little honour on the respective parties to bear repeating.

Thus Sir, have I endeavoured to deduce the few impartial facts which occurred to me in an affair that, I find, has not only filled pages in the daily papers, but has also afforded general conversation to the little company (in the polite circles) now in town, whose opinion so far as I have been able to learn, has turned in Mr. *Bate's* favour; but as I do not mean to build the merit of one gentleman on the demerit of another, as an involuntary party in their disputes I shall supersede every sentiment of my own on the whole *heroic* scene, and leave the public to such contemptible conclusions which they may be able to draw from what they are told on both sides, and I flatter myself I need say no further to deserve a universal excuse for thus coming forward, and (circumstanced as I am) to render every apology for this letter totally unnecessary.

Uxbridge, Aug. 10.

1773.

M. DAWES.

For



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 95

For the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

The SPIDER to the Reverend Mr. BATE.

S I R,

Sat. August 14.

THO' you can frighten our modern *Mohawks*, don't imagine that I shall not call you to Account for forestalling my Markets. Did not I give Notice in the Middle of last month, that I should undertake all the Macaroni *Gnats* that were teasing, buzzing, and stinging my Countrymen and Countrywomen who were pleasuring themselves in and about this Metropolis? Nay, I have had a large Cobweb ever since the Opening of Vauxhall-Gardens under the Orchestra to catch all those frivolous Animals; and I should certainly have had their spindle Shanks in my Net-Work, had not you, Reverend Sir, given them a Brush with your Beaver, and prevented them (poor Things) from fixing on the sweet Face and graceful Neck of Mrs. H——y. Though I don't chuse (for very good Reasons) to quarrel with you, I take it very ill that you come out so well armed at all points to drive off the Wests and Strays upon my Manor. To descend a little in my rhetorical Flourishing; pray, who has made you *Vermin-killer*, or rather *Fly-catcher*, to the Public, when I and my Family have the Sign-Manual (Vide Pub. Adv. June 21.) of the great *Sampson Woodfall* himself to fill that Place during the Summer Season? You are styled by Men, Women and Children, the Deliverer of your Country, and, like a second Hercules, have gone through your *Labours* with much more Ease than the first. Let us examine a little (by way of  
Parallel

Parallel in the Manner of Plutarch) into your mutual Merits; and though I have been injured by you, I will shew my Impartiality, and prove you superior to the Theban, and that you have done more Business in the Space of two Days, than he could accomplish in as many Years. But let us surprize our Readers, by shewing how the ancient Hercules is the Prototype of the modern. The first Labour of ancient Hercules that we read of is, the strangling two Serpents that came to destroy him in his Cradle when he was only an Hour and an Half old. Did not two Serpents and more go to destroy you in your bed at Clifford's Inn; not when you, but when the Day (according to the Reading of the elder Scaliger) was an Hour and a Half old, viz. at Half an Hour after One? Vide a Morning Paper. Two of the Labours which Hercules executed separately, you Sir, have made but one. The Multiplication of the various Macaronies which came to assault you at Vauxhall, more than equals the Conquests of first Hercules over the Hydra and the Pigmies. You, Reverend Sir, may cry out with him,

*Hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris,  
Crescentemq; malo, domui, domitamq; perenni.*

Thus paraphrased:

Still Vipers breed from those I crush'd before,  
Who fret and wriggle, but they bite no more.

The ancient Poets paint the terrible Appearance of Geryon (the Giant with three Heads and three Bodies) as sufficient to tame the Spirit of Hercules. But surely, Reverend Sir, the Bodies without Heads which you encountered, laughed at, and conquered, are a much nobler Subject for our modern Poets.

In

In settling this heroic Account, I shall place Captain Miles against Hercules's Cretan Bull: They both roared, 'tis true—but surely your blinding the first, is a much superior Action to his throwing the last over his Shoulder. When you had *nailed up his Day-lights* (to speak in the Language of Art) your Strength and Courage could have easily given him a Cross-buttock (which is throwing him over your Shoulders) had not your spiritual Mercy intervened, and generously spared the Hibernian Bull. Among the many virtues of the ancient Hercules, his *Wrestling* and *Boxing* are particularly conspicuous and celebrated—yet may we venture to say, had he met you in the Passage of the Spread Eagle, he had soon been as *Stone-blind* as Sampson was (the Scripture Hercules) and lamented that he must have left one Labour unfinished. Though you did not drag from Hell the Dog Cerberus, who is represented as trembling, dreading the Light, drawing back and turning away his Eyes to avoid the Pain of beholding it—yet the infernal Puppies you have lately chastised, are exactly in the same Situation. Need I point out the Resemblance of his killing with his Arrows those dirty, cruel, impotent Fowls, the Stymphalides, to your bringing down some feathered Fools with your well-pointed Pen? And if you can clear the Gardens of Vauxhall from the Filth and Vermin there, the cleansing of the Augæan Stable shall hereafter be mentioned as Boy's Play only. The Attributes of Hercules, with a small Exception, are yours. You have your Club, we all know; and your Arrows, as I have just proved. As for the Lion's Skin, that more properly belongs to your Antagonists. And now, Sir, the first and greatest, tho' I have placed it the last, is your Conquest of the Amazon, and

O

gaining

gaining the golden Fruit in the Garden of the Hesperides. These were likewise two of Hercules's Labours which you have compressed into one. My Delicacy need not prevent me from imagining that you must have conquered the fair Amazon (flavis capillis\*) by your generous Behaviour in the Gardens of Vauxhall. You certainly might have the golden Fruit, *Poma male custodita dracone*; nay it may be justly said *the Dragon slept*, or run away (for Mr. H——y seems to be annihilated) but your spiritual Part resisted the Temptation, and your Honour and Generosity nobly scorned all other Titles and Considerations, but that of being a Destroyer of Monsters, and a Deliverer of the Fair Sex.

The SPIDER.

\* *Χρυσή Αφροδίτη*, Venus Aurea—Love's Golden Fruit.  
DRYDEN.

*The following Paragraphs appeared in the LONDON PACKET, Wednesday August 11.*

THE *Vauxhall* Fray, in a period of the year most barren of consequential events, and therefore very dull and uninteresting, has given some food to one, if not of all the newspapers. The Rev. *Bruiser* has kept the ball up with unwearied assiduity; we have seen column crowd upon column on a subject from its nature private, but artificially created public. The Parson would have spun his text out last *Saturday* se'nnight, had not his unthinking and ill-advised opponents mounted the literary rostrum, and made idle comments on what has since been proved to be orthodox. Miss *Biddy F——d*, and the valiant "*Kill them too*," the "*I am a soldier*," *W. Croftes*, would have proved their wisdom by their silence. *Bate*, in one of his newspaper sermons, had adopted an eastern stile, and



and would have probably lost himself in the Ganges, had not these *young gentlemen* (as he in his letters more than once affectingly styles the two cockade men) roused him, and brought him back to his text, by a feeble fillip of the nose.

*Thursday 12.* The agreement between Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* and his friend and footman CAPTAIN MILES was a conditional one; if the Captain beat his reverend antagonist, he was to receive on the field of action *twenty guineas*, and be raised to the *military* rank of *butler*; but if he was unfortunately worsted, then only *ten*, which was the sum he absolutely received when he arose, at the expiration of a fortnight, from his sick-bed.

The famous STEVENS was applied to by the Macarony party to assume a *military* appearance, in order to chastise Mr. *Bate's* presumption in offending a *petit maitre*; however the celebrated bruiser waved the honour intended him. The service accordingly devolved on *Captain Miles*, whose Broughtonian conquests over all the Hibernian chairmen in Pall-Mall pointed him out as an experienced and able commander.

*Canterbury, August 11.* Yesterday passed through this city, in their road to France, the *Honourable Mr. Lyttleton*, and the celebrated *Pomona*; accompanied by Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, Captain *Croftes*, and a *Patriotic Attorney*, near *Fermyn-Street*. It is supposed they are going to settle an affair of honour on that side the water, as *Captain Miles* was of the party. Such another set of *worthies* surely never embarked together out of this kingdom before: except indeed, on board some of our transports for the Plantations,

100 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

*The following appeared in St. JAMES'S EVENING on  
Saturday Aug. 14.*

VAUXHALL INTELLIGENCE *Extraordinary.*

SOME Part of the conversation between the rioters of this place being omitted in other papers, we insert it here for the entertainment of our readers :

Mr. Bate. Why do you, Sir, thrust yourself into this quarrel ?

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. I would always be forward to assist my injured friend.

Mr. Bate. Forward enough—but would you defend him right or wrong ? has he not insulted a fine woman ?

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. Insulted, Sir ! I always thought a fine woman was only made to be looked at.

Mr. Bate. Just sentiments of a macaroni. You judge of the fair sex as you do of your own doubtful gender, which aims only to be looked at and admired.

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. I have as great a love for a fine woman as any man.

Mr. Bate. Psha ! *Lepus tute es et pulpamentum quæris ?*

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. What do you say, Parson ?

Mr. Bate. I cry you mercy, Sir, I am talking Heathen Greek to you ; in plain English I say,

A macaroni you, and love a woman ?

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. I love the ladies, for the ladies love me.

Mr. Bate. Yes, as their panteen, their play-thing, their harmless bauble, to treat as you do them, merely to look at : but pray, Sir, what have you to do in the present dispute ?

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. To support my friend, and prove myself a man.

Mr.

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 101

Mr. Bate. God help the friend who stands in need of such support; and as to your manhood, Sir, you had better secure yourself under your acknowledged *neutrality*, or you may feel the weight of my resentment.

Mr. Fitz-Gerall. I see you are a bruiser, I shall answer you by my servant.

Mr. Bate. You speak like yourself, Sir; macaroni-like, you do every thing by proxy; whether you quarrel, or make love, you answer by proxy.——

*The following Paragraph appeared in the MORNING POST,  
August 14, 1773.*

Last week the Hon. Mr. *Lyttleton*, Captain *Croftes*, and Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, paid several visits to Captain *Nugent*, of the Marines, at his lodgings in the King's Bench, it is said, on business of *Importance*; and on Wednesday Mr. *Lyttleton* and Captain *Croftes* gave him an elegant entertainment at the Dog and Duck Tavern, in St. George's Fields, the dinner bill for which cost but little short of twenty pounds.

*From the WHITEHALL EVENING POST, Aug. 14.*

*To the Fighting CAPTAIN, and the Boxing PARSON.*

NOW, arra! dear Captains, *Dan Croftes* and  
*Fitz-Gerall*,

Be easy, my jewels! and call in your herald:  
If I can see clear, you get nothing by writing,  
And I'm sure, my dear boys! you've got nothing by  
fighting.

By St. *Patrick*, you may, 'faith, as well fight a host,  
As attack this black Priest and his scandalous Post:  
By Heavens, my lads! he's environ'd with evils,  
With stout gangs of press-men — and legions of devils.  
You'd

102 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

You'd better be still ; or this militant dog  
Will have you lip deep in the critical bog.  
Arra, boys, now be easy, and leave off your prating ;  
For do as you will, lads ! your sure of a *Bateing*.

FELIM O'FUN.

For the M O R N I N G P O S T .

To the Rev. Mr. B A T E .

S I R,

Sat. 14 of *August*, 1773.

**I** CANNOT but return you my tribute of thanks for the justice you have done to the public, by exposing the outrageous conduct of the THREE enormous Miscreants, the Violators of all decorum and honour, and banishing them, 'tis to be hoped, from every place of public resort for the future. But before you conclude your account of them, I would wish you to be informed of some of the notable Capt. *Croftes's* monkey pranks at *Richmond*, where he has made himself as contemptible, odious, and infamous, as any of the present scoundrels he is connected with. I would particularly recommend to you to be informed how bravely he, with three others, beat the mistress, and waiter, of the Castle at *Richmond*, not long since, and broke every thing they could come at ; and manfully went up stairs in order to beat the poor master of the house, who lay very ill in bed, had not an Officer, who lay in the house with his Lady, threatened to fire at them, if they advanced nearer to his chamber. The story, with the particulars, is curious, and worth being known, and the occasion of it was only because the mistress of the house declined paying a guinea out of her pocket to a waterman employed by those sparks, when she thought she had given them sufficient credit on her books for a long space of time, without throwing in ready money also,



OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED; 103

It is no uncommon thing at *Richmond* for the rails, &c. before Gentlemen's houses to be torn down of a night; and the usual answer to all enquiries concerning such practices is, "*That the rails lay in Capt. CROFTES's way home the night before.*"

I could mention many particulars, but having them only from second hand, I am cautious not to mislead you; as you may easily have every thing authenticated beyond contradiction, which will shew the *manners, veracity*, and becoming conduct of this GENTLEMAN with a sword and cockade, and how much honour he does that brave corps to which he is united.

I am, with perfect respect,  
Your assured friend,  
And humble servant,

*Thursday Even.*

N. G.

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*Aug. 16. 1773.*

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.

CONSOLATION *for the* MACARONIES.

STill pleas'd with his conquest the parson, he smiles,  
And boasts of his triumph o'er brave Capt. Miles;  
But where is his honour, or where their disgrace,  
Had he crush'd at one blow the effeminate race?  
Take courage, Fitz-Gerall this argument catch—  
You may prove to the town he was more than your  
match,  
For sure Macaronies are not on a level  
With Parsons—whose business is fighting the devil.

TWIG the CURATE,  
To

*To the PRINTER of the LONDON PACKET.*

S I R,

*Aug. 16, 1773.*

**I**T is thought strange by some people that Mr. L——n should have asked the bruising Parson to dine with him. To me it is still more surprising where Mr. L——n could get a dinner for himself.

BOB SHORT.

For the MORNING POST.

To Mr. B A T E.

S I R,

*Aug. 16, 1773.*

**I**T is proper that you should be acquainted, that Mr. *Lyttleton*, Mr. *Croftes*, and Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* have not done plotting against you yet. Finding that they are condemned and despised by every man of honour, inso-much, that it is become discreditable for any gentleman to speak to them, for their infamous behaviour throughout the whole of their transactions with you, and particularly for their pusillanimous artifice in imposing their *footman* upon you as a *gentleman*, and being themselves afraid to risk their own sweet persons—the fruitful brain of the arch fiend LYT. has struck out a new device.

You must know that there is an Irishman \* now in prison over the water, who surrendered himself in or

\* Captain N——.

OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 105

der to be white-washed by the insolvent act. This gentleman is famous for numberless quarrels and duels he has been engaged in, having formerly been a fencing-master in Ireland. To this hero have the gallant *Macaronies* addressed themselves, for his alliance and support; and you may judge what is intended you, so soon as his legs are at liberty. This is not the first time Mr. *Lytleton* has addressed himself to this gentleman on similar occasions. For God's sake be upon your guard!

Your respectful, tho' unknown friend,

*Pall-Mall.*

A BROTHER BRITON.

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For the MORNING POST.

To the DEGRADED CAPTAIN of BURGoyNE's.

SIR,

August 16, 1773.

IN your late portrait, as drawn by the pencil of the parson, there are a variety of lines admirably expressed, and many tints that shew his judgment and execution: still, however, he has not done justice to so great a subject; not so much, I believe, for want of powers, as a thorough knowledge of the character which was to animate his canvas. As it is more than probable, that you may sit again to this master, before the expiration of the summer, I will hold up a model to him, which cannot fail of a fine effect, if he but condescend to regard it.

Not many months since, a Capt. *Croftes*, of the Light Dragoons, played with a Mr. F——r, of the Temple, and won of him two or three hundred pounds, which was paid by the latter with the honour which ever attends his dealings. The next day, or therea-

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bout,

bout, they sat down again, and Mr. F———r, in his turn, won about sixty pounds, which the other informed him he would pay the next morning, appointing time and place. However, these he took care to forget. Various other assignations were made for the payment thereof, and all as religiously observed by the *Captain*; at length, however, Mr. F———r's patience was exhausted; and the next time, therefore, he met him, which was at Stewart's Coffee-house, he peremptorily insisted on the payment of the money that instant. The *Captain* thus hard pressed, had now only one thing left for it, which was, *to deny the bill*; and this he did, without distorting a single muscle. Struck dumb with astonishment, it was some minutes before Mr. F———r could tell him he was a *liar* and a *scoundrel*, and then turned him out of the room.—The *Captain* bore this with that philosophy which ought to be remarked, and soon after joined his corps at Shrewsbury. This interesting anecdote, however, arrived there before him. Colonel *Burgoyne*, like a spirited commander, received him with that coolness due to a *poltroon*; only telling him, *that if he did not instantly go back, and call Mr. F———r out to regain his honour, that he would have him instantly superseded*. Knowing, at the same time, the *finesse* of this young gentleman, he got an officer to attend him, to see that he went thro' the ceremony. On his arrival in town, it was not very difficult to prevail upon Mr. F———r, the injured man, to go out to the ring in Hyde-park. However, to sum up the whole, the decision was as infamous as the original cause; for the *Captain* begged, that they might meet each other from a distance; and, when he thought they had advanced near enough *he would fire*. This he prudently did, when they were about *eighty-four paces* asunder; and thus the *debt in dispute was discharged*,



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*charged, and the redoubted Captain's honour not only regained, but immortalized.*

*George's  
Coffee-house.*

ONE OF BURGOYNE'S.

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For the MORNING POST.

A C A R D,

A BRITON presents his compliments to Mr. *Bate*, and begs to be considered as his friend, when he advises him now, for ever to lose sight of the wretched *Fitz-Gerall*, *Croftes*, and their associates. He has arrived as high in the estimation of the Public, as manhood could effect. Any further notice of them must degrade his character, which is at present highly exalted, from his late conduct in defence of an injured woman.

*Bedford Coffee-house, Aug. 16.*

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P O E T S C O R N E R,

FOR THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

To ——— *Fitz-Gerall, Esq.*

*Veluti in Speculum,*

TWO sturdy Mastiffs (and the tale's well known)  
Met lately in contention for a bone,  
A woman is a bone (or Moses ribs,  
And matrons should not claim the name of Ribs.)

P 2

The

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The combatants grin horribly, and gnar,  
Each, fierce and valiant, threatens desperate war.

Perchance a cur (the pertest of the kind  
That guards the village cot, or leads the blind,  
So slim, so sleek, his coat without a speck,  
The fancied collar round his snowy neck,  
With locket pendant, tho' you call him, Sir,  
A cur he is, a macaroni cur) —  
Beholds the bone, the tempting prize, and stops;  
His eyes how ravish'd! how he licks his chops!  
The sable mastiff next attracts his eyes,  
Pert views the happy dog to gain the prize,  
An easy prize, from t'other mastiff won,  
Not so, cries he, from Fortune's happier son.  
Then rais'd a hideous yelp, that fill'd the place,  
When, lo! a hundred of the yelping race  
Obey the well-known call — now bolder grown,  
The cur deems victory and the prize his own,  
Prepares for battle, and assails the foe,  
But wisely in the rear, above, below;  
'Till by the noise offended, not the pain,  
The mastiff turns, and views him with disdain,  
Then rais'd his leg, and most profusely shed,  
A briny show'r of vengeance on his head.  
His comrades (for where dogs have been before,  
The proverb teaches, dogs will still give more)  
Each with uplifted leg, increas'd the flood,  
Till Pert, half drown'd, half suffocated stood,  
And with a dismal howl, the Puppy cried,  
Ah me! and bep—d himself and died.

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For the MORNING POST.

To the Rev. Mr. B A T E.

S I R,

Aug. 17, 1773.

I AM just arriv'd in town, and have spent great part of the morning in reading the pamphlet of the VAUXHALL quarrel. The points in which you and your antagonists disagree, are so trifling in themselves, that I think they don't merit further altercation; the material part, the *bruising match*, is allowed to be pretty much as you have related it; for Captain Miles is confessedly a *footman disguised*. Mr. Fitz-Gerall well knowing a serious defence of his behaviour would tend only to aggravate his crime, very wisely attempts to shelter himself by a profusion of wit; but he has failed exceedingly. If you can believe this gentleman, he is the most honourable personage existing; and yet I am at a loss to reconcile two such opposite things, as *honour* and a *positive lye*: For if I introduce my *servant* as my *friend*, and a *gentleman*, and in his name demand satisfaction for an imaginary affront, *do I speak truth*? Would not the honour of a *carman* save him from such reproach?

But I want to be informed, Sir, whether this is the Mr. Fitz-Gerall, at whose mode of living the town has been so long amazed;—who married a lady of a respectable Irish family;—who is well known to have been in a constant gaming *confederacy*, for some few years with two or three Irish couzins (who have plucked many a green goose)—who, in order to account to his family for his enormous expences, trumped up a most *ingenious story*, “as how a large fortune had been left by a school-fellow” (*whose will he produced*)

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*duced*)—who took a large house at *Epsom* in *Surry*;—who was arrested for a very considerable sum while he was hunting, and conveyed to lodgings in *Southwark*;—and who still struts about with the most unembarrassed countenance, *Ireland* ever produced?—If this be the man, why—TACE—is *Latin* for a candle.

And pray, Mr. *Bate*, inform me of the three worthy armed friends of Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, (Mr. *Lyttleton*, Mr. *Montague*, and Mr. *Storer*) who so politely and courageously called on you at two in the morning, and insisted on admission?—Could you not have cooled their heat, by an outward application of *aqua uterinus*?

Is Mr. *Lyttleton* the notorious son of an infirm sensible peer?—Is he the Mr. *Lyttleton*, whose whole life has been one continued scene of f---d and v---y? who has discharged the several duties of son, lover, friend, and husband, in a style confessedly unique?

Who is the Mr. *Montague*, who forms a part of this quadruple alliance? Is he the younger son of the *Twitche*r family, a tall red-haired youth, whose mouth is never shut, whom the *Lincoln's Inn* porters have christened *Devil Montague*?

And the last of the quartetto, Sir, (Mr. *Storer*) pray who is he?—Is it a certain lank, lean, loose, self-created figure, of about two years growth in the *Cocoa-tree Nursery*?—who was transplanted some years since from the *West Indies* to an apprenticeship at *Bristol*, from whence he removed himself to a merchant's counting-house in this city, with a view to become a vender of rum and sugar, which commodities he dipped his forefinger in, and most properly judging that his genius was more adapted for another profession, deserted to t'other end of the town, and became an active speculator in bones; in which I am told he has succeeded wonderfully, having applied with such attention



## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 111

attention to his duty that he has hardly any thing but *skin and bone left?*

If these young men are Mr. *Fitz-Gerald's* assistance, the Lord mend them all, say I!—In the name of common sense, what are our people of fashion thinking of, when they suffer *such creatures* to pick their pockets, and disturb the peace of their families!—For my own part, I am so much retired, as to be little more than a spectator in this world; which however I by no means regret, while *such beings*, hold any rank in it.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

T. P.

For the PUBLIC LEDGER.

To ALCIBIADES.

*St. James's Coffee-House, Aug. 17.*

S I R,

I Have lately seen your letter in the Public Ledger, relative to the fracas at Vauxhall, and (notwithstanding I think the affair has already sufficiently engaged the public attention) I cannot forbear offering a stricture or two on some parts of it; though was it not for a certain dogmatical air which breathes through the whole, I should esteem it altogether as one of the best that hath appeared on the subject.

The exceptionable parts are contained in the third paragraph, where you blame the priest for an “impertinent and officious interposition,” and Mrs. Hartley (or the *woman* as you call her) “for being too squeamish, considering her situation in life.”

As to the first article, I believe it is generally understood, that when a woman is in company with  
four

four or five men, they are all equally and individually bound to protect her in case of an insult; and in this *particular* case, where the insult was *Progressive*, and consisted in a set of mens *continuing* to stare a woman out of countenance, her husband was certainly the worst qualified of the company, to judge when and how far it ought to be resented; because his *partiality* to her might make him liable to take offence, before any was intended. However, as Mr. Bate has vindicated his own conduct in a clear and masterly manner, I shall only add, that if, instead of your general reflections on the conduct of the Clergy, you had stigmatized the bullies who attacked a clergyman, on the presumption that they might do it with security, the observation had been more liberal, as well as more to the purpose.

I come now to consider the other article, wherein you take upon you to say, that the *woman* [Mrs. Hartley] was too squeamish, considering her situation in life. This I will venture to condemn as a gross and illiberal sentiment, wholly unworthy of the sense and understanding you have displayed in the subsequent part of your letter. The plain meaning of it is, (without a paraphrase) that a woman in a *Public Situation* is so far from being entitled to any decency or good manners from others, (be her private conduct ever so prudent or commendable) that it becomes her to submit without complaining to whatever wanton outrageous behaviour our young Rakes (particularly those of quality) shall think proper to bestow on her; —so that whenever a set of such *worthies* have a mind for a frolick, they have nothing to do but to seek out an *Actress*; and whether at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or other public place, attack her by impudent ogling, staring, and every other species of nameless audacity, till they have hunted her from the community.

This, Sir, is a natural deduction from the aristocratical doctrine of *distinction* you have laid down; but the modern English have too much generosity to adopt such notions of vassalage, nor will they give a sanction to any man's treating a woman with less respect on account of her theatrical profession, than her personal merits may otherwise entitle her to.

To conclude, I think Mr. Bate's behaviour to be defended even as a *Clergyman*;—as a *Man* to be applauded, for having brought before the public tribunal a set of fashionable miscreants, who were become a general nuisance. I am the more hurt by your ungenerous reflection on Mrs. Hartley, as she is certainly an ornament to the stage, and (which is remarkable in a woman of her figure and profession) by no means fond of making a show of herself at places of public amusement.

CENSOR.

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To the Editor of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

Aug. 17, 1773.

ON my return this day to London from Paris, I was delighted with a pamphlet put into my hand, intitled, THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY, or *Macaronies Defeated*. You must know, Sir, the affair had reached the French Court, in some imperfect numbers of the *Morning Post*; and as LEWIS had heard many very curious anecdotes of Mr. *Lyttleton*, during his visit to that Monarch's dominions, he expressed a desire to be fully informed of the whole particulars. A friend of mine therefore, who is in favour, desired me to collect, if possible, all the papers, and transmit them to Paris, for the inspection of his Royal Master. This trouble however, is prevented me I find, by the whole

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# 114 THE VAUXHALL AFFRAY;

whole being thus collected into a little volume, several of which I have bought; and instantly sent off for Paris. Those who see these miscreants in the same light with myself, will be glad to find, that their ignominy ceases not with the novelty of a daily print, but is here handed down, in dark and horrible characters, for an example to ages yet unborn.

The irony in the *Dedicatory Epistle* is pointed, but might have been sharper, if the author had well known the hero.

Yours, &c.

White's, Aug. 15.

I. S.

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For the MORNING POST.

To the Reverend Mr. B A T E.

S I R,

Aug. 19, 1773.

THE candour you have shewn in your late account of the affray at *Vauxhall*, makes me now call upon you for an open and candid answer to these plain questions:—Was the letter, signed, *An Honest Briton*, in last *Monday's* paper, your own writing?—Did you frame the paragraph preceding it in the other part of the paper, with the names of *Lyttleton*, &c. at full length? If so, was it by way of more fully pointing out the meaning of the letter?

If you disavow it, will you give up the author? For the honour of the cloth, I hope you can clear yourself of having any hand in those most savage and most false assertions, and, for the sake of public justice, I now demand your giving up the real author to the contempt he merits. I am a friend to that innocent, and injured gentleman *Capt. Nugent*, whose reputation, and consequently future success in life,

is



is there so wantonly sported with. I have known him from his earliest infancy: I was in company with him that day the letter and paragraph alludes to; and, as I imagine he may not have seen the *Morning Post* in that retirement to which his misfortunes have reduced him, I shall in his defence, state a few facts which are true and undeniable, and in support of which, I can produce the testimony of gentlemen, whose characters have never deserved or met with either public or private censure.

The paragraph says,—"Mess. *Lyttleton*, *Croftes*, "and *Fitz-Gerall*, came several times to Capt. *Nugent*, "and one day had a most expensive dinner at the *Dog and Duck*, to engage him in their interest."——

Captain *Nugent* never was acquainted with Captain *Croftes* or *Fitz-Gerall*, nor ever saw either of those gentlemen at the *Dog and Duck*, or any where else, since his confinement. Mr. *Lyttleton* called on him to console him in his misfortunes, once only, unaccompanied by any gentleman, at the half-way house, where a few friends were then going to sit down to a cold dinner: Mr. *Lyttleton* was asked; a very small addition was made, and Mr. *Bate's* name mentioned but once, and then without any censure of his conduct, and not one syllable was spoken by Mr. *Lyttleton* towards wishing to engage him in the quarrel, in which, from my friend's known disposition, he must have been certain that he could never have succeeded.——Observe then the entire falsity of the paragraph, with the names at full length.

A more insidious attack follows in the *Honest Briton's* Letter, with initials only, to elude public justice: there he is pointed out as a low hireling, a fencing master, an assassin at the command of a wealthy friend; for which, he must forfeit all pretensions to favour

or preferment; but happily the very reverse is the truth: his family is ancient and honourable, his education genteel; his father was possessed of an ample fortune: his elder brother left a son, who is now a baronet, and has an estate of 5,000l. a-year; he lost his own father when he was a child, and left Ireland before sixteen, too early an age to be such an adept in the sword as to teach it: he returned when of age, and took possession of an easy fortune which the inexperience of youth, and the arts of false friends soon dissipated. He had then recourse to a military life, and commanded a body of soldiers on board a privateer, where he behaved with such courage and honour as a man and soldier, in several as severe engagements as any last war, that the owners unanimously recommended him to a noble Lord, by whose interest he obtained a commission in the marines, in which he has conducted himself so as to be esteemed by that whole corps. Two years of sickness have reduced him to his present unfortunate situation, and he only wishes for his liberty, that he may attend his duty and have an opportunity of doing justice to his own character and to all mankind. Such are the intentions of my innocent and injured friend: such is the faithful vindication of an Officer, hitherto unimpeached, into which I am forced by the malevolence of a dark assassin, who has endeavoured to aggravate private distress by public falsehoods. That you, Mr. *Bate*, may be free from any guilt in this instance; that you may honourably give up the wretch who is guilty, and shew yourself that gentleman and man of honour, which you so strenuously endeavour to appear, is the sincere wish of one, who feels for the unfortunate, but wishes all delinquents may be properly brought to either private or public justice.

*August 18, 1773.*

A TRUE BRITON.

## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 117

The Editor wishing strict justice to be done to all parties in a late public dispute, notwithstanding his determination of yesterday to put an end to it in the *Morning Post* embraces with pleasure an opportunity of contrasting this, and other Letters in this day's paper, to some anonymous reflections which seem to have been groundless.

Previous to the publication of this, we have laid it before Mr. BATE, who authorizes us to assure the TRUE BRITON, "*That, upon the honour of a Gentleman, he is neither directly, nor indirectly the Author of the Letter or Paragraph alluded to.*"

As far as respects us, we can only inform this gentleman, that we are not authorized at present to give up the writer.

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*In Answer to this, the following appear'd in the Morning Post, August.*

To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.

SIR,

I Am astonished at the impudence of your Correspondent who signs himself A TRUE BRITON in your paper of Thursday last, who says that Capt. Nugent was not a *Fencing-master*; I aver that WALTER NUGENT, late an Officer of Marines on board a privateer, and now or late of the King's Bench was a *Fencing-Master*, in conjunction with a Frenchman near Cranbourn-Alley. I can bring proofs of this and some other circumstances, if urged to them; but I would not willingly shock the Captain's delicacy. VERAX.

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*The following appeared in answer to a Paragraph in a Letter in the MORNING CHRONICLE of the 21st of Aug. where Mr. BATE was ranked with a set of unworthy Clerical Characters.*

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

A WRITER in your paper of Saturday last, under the signature of a *Son of the Clergy*, among other persons whom he satyrically mentions as *high geniuses*, has foisted in a gentleman of the cloth, whom he styles, "*that bullying, boxing, Vauxhall PARSON, BATE.*" I should be glad to know, why Mr. Bate should be thus illiberally

illiberally characterized, merely for having acted in a manner which does him as much credit, as it disgraces his infamous opponents; or why a clergyman, who has on every occasion maintained a decent uniformity of conduct, should be jumbled in a list of characters, most of whom are notoriously faulty, having sunk the dignity of their profession, and forfeited their reputation? For shame, thou mock Son of the Clergy! recollect that indiscriminate reprehension recoils on the reprehender, and prevents its having any effect, even on those who merit censure. No man, who has read the account of the late fray at *Vauxhall*, thinks Mr. *Bate* behaved with the smallest degree of impropriety; on the contrary, the public in general applaud and honour his spirit; while they hold the characters of the other parties in the most abject contempt; those miserable and disgraced members of society have proved themselves capable of putting in execution such measures, as no person of honour would ever attempt; perhaps it was at their instigation, that Mr. *Bate* was, on *Saturday* last, so indefensibly treated in your paper; be upon your guard therefore in future, and be cautious in wounding the good fame of others, as you regard your own.

CANDOUR.

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*The following Paragraphs appeared in the LONDON PACKET, August 21.*

THE *Vauxhall* affray, taken in the most frigid point of view, will call forth the cynical determination in favour of the parson. The worthy *Péer's* infamous Son, the bullying Captain, and the butterfly Macaroni, sink before truth, and are the objects of universal contempt. The clerical Bruiser has maintained throughout the matter a very spirited, a very noble, and a very manful stile of conduct; let him not spoil the whole, by calling to his aid feeble auxiliaries,



## OR, MACARONIES DEFEATED. 119

aries, and by attempting to disguise his artful plan of carrying on a subject, of which the Public have had enough. His laurels are now in full verdure; if brought before the sun too frequently they will experience an autumn. He loves an allegorical stile; he has strutted forth a peacock, with an exalted tail; the Public want no more *Dawes*.

Mrs. *Hartley* was seen in *Richmond Gardens* last Sunday, with another lady and gentleman, and Mr. *Moody* the player; who wittily took and turned the lady about, when any person looked at her, laughing, and saying, "You shan't see her;" supposing to allude to the stale story of Captain *Croft's* looking at the beautiful actresses.——Decency becomes Mr. *Moody*; and, though the lady may turn her tail upon an audience in *Richmond-Gardens*, she is not to forget that she may be obliged to face an audience at *Covent-Garden*, where she may not meet many persons or parsons so strenuous in her cause.

*These in the MORNING POST of August 23.*

On Friday night some words arose between Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* and Captain *Scowen* of the guards, relative to the late affair between the former and the Rev. Mr. *Bate*; when they went out from the Cocoa Tree in order to settle it by the sword, the former refusing to fight with pistols. The time of night was thought improper by the company present, and therefore the decision was adjourned till the next morning; however, previous to this, some truly military characters for evident and recent reasons were determined that Captain *Scowen* should not stoop so low as to go out with his antagonist; and therefore put him under an arrest, in order to prevent it.

The Hon. Mr. *Lyttleton* set out a few days since for Spa in Germany.

*And*

*And the underwritten was published in Thursday's MORNING POST, August 26, which we hope has terminated the VAUXHALL AFFRAY.*

We can assure our readers, that the account of a duel having been fought between Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* and Capt. *Scowen*, of the Guards, is void of foundation. The following particulars however, are given as authentic.—Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* having heard that Captain *Scowen* had given his opinion freely on the late *Vauxhall* affray, and that entirely against him, asked him at the Cocoa-tree, whether he had made use of such expressions; to which the other answered in the affirmative, adding, That as he had appealed to the Public, any man had a right to give his opinion.—Whereupon the former insisted upon his going out with him immediately with swords. This was however prevented, by Captain *Scowen* being put under arrest. Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* having reported it afterwards, that Captain *Scowen* would not meet him, and called him a poltroon, the latter went into the St. James's Coffee-house on Tuesday last, where he saw Mr. *Fitz-Gerall*, and told him, that notwithstanding the arrest he was under, he was ready to go out with him, and was prepared accordingly, pulling out a case of pistols, desiring him to take one, which he refused, insisting on fighting only with swords; on this Capt. *Scowen* struck him a blow on the head with a stick, which knocked him down. Recovering himself, Mr. *Fitz-Gerall* drew, and made a pass at the Captain, which the latter parried with his stick, and then presented a pistol, declaring if he attempted to make another pass he would blow his brains out. At this instant the Colonel of the Guard arrived, and again put Captain *Scowen* under an arrest, and has made a report of the whole affair to His Majesty, who is now to decide on the propriety of their separate conduct in a military capacity.